Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 3. PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, JULY 12, 1836. NUMBER 48

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

GEORGE W. MILLETT.

TERMS—One dollar and fifty cents in advance.—One dollar and seventy-five cents at the end of six months.—Two dollars at the end of the year.

No paper discontinued till all dues are paid, but at the option of the Publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms; the proprietor not being accountable for any error in any Advertisement beyond the amount charged for it.

COMMUNICATIONS, and LETTERS on business must be addressed to the publisher, *Post-paid*.

WOMAN.—BY WILLIS G. CLARK.

Methinks there is no lovlier sight on earth,
Than gentle Women in her early years;
Before one cloud has gathered o'er her mirth,
Ere her bright eyes grow dim with secret tears
When Life the semblance of a dream doth wear,
Unclouded by mischance, or grief, or guile;
When rich delight breathes in the golden air,
And boundless Fancy wears a joyous smile.

I have bow'd down to Woman: not as one
Who idly worships at a careless shrine;
But as the heathen bows unto the sun,
Whose rays beam round him—eloquent—divine
Not like a lingerer in Fashion's train,
Who smiles and flatters a believing few;
Hollow in heart, perchance, and cold and vain,
Whose words are fables—tho'tless and untrue.

But I am happy, when about my way
These flowers of being ever chance to spring;
'Tis like an hour of dreams where fairies play,
And gentle wild birds dance on glittering wing.
Care is a shadow then, and in my heart
The well springs of deep ecstacy arise;
I feel each scale of loneliness depart,
Like storm clouds melting from the April skies.

Oh, if my prayers might unto Heaven ascend,
'Twould be that Woman might be ever blest;
That flowers and sunlight in her path might blend,
And Eden's vision's lull her tranquil rest;
I would that time might bear upon his wing
Untroubled brightness for each fleeting day,
And every scene which hope is picturing
Grows clearer as existence wears away.

And as a gift from Heaven to cheer us here,
I would that women when life's hour is done,
Might fade like star-light, when the atmosphere
Is faintly colored by the approaching sun—
Passing from earth to a more cloudless scene,
Where brighter gems in purer skies are set—
Where chrystal fountains play in pastures green,
Blending in fancy's spell, with golden memories yet.

THE BROKEN HEARTED.

BY ROBERT MORRIS, ESQ.

I would not thou wert dead, devoted one,
For thou art all too pure to linger here;
Life's joyous sands to thee are nearly run,
And sorrow's hand hath made thy being sear—
Thy girlhood was a pure and artless dream,
And many a sunny hope has thrilled thy breast,
And many an air-blown bubble gilt life's stream,
Flash'd for a moment—burst, and sunk to rest—
Emblems of youth and loveliness were they,
And, like hope's fairy visions, pass'd away.

I would that thou wert dead, forsaken girl,
That high pale brow enshrined within the tomb;
For as with gentle winds still waters curl,
So fades at sorrow's touch you; beauty's bloom—
Thou art too pure and fair for this cold earth,
A thing too gentle so long to dwell below,
Thy voice has lost its cadences of mirth,
The glory has departed from thy brow—
The glory has departed from thy brow—
And youth's pure bloom has left thy virgin heart,
And beauty like a phantom will depart.

I would that thou wert dead, for life to thee
Is as a broken reed—a withered flower;
Dark shadows rest upon thy destiny,
And storms of fate around thy fortunes lower—
Wedded to one thy bosom cannot love,
Banished from him thine every thought employs,
Thou art in heart a bruised and wounded dove,
And earth to thee can yield no future joys,
Wearily passes life and time with thee;
A dusky shadow dims thy destiny.

I would that thou wert dead, devoted one,
And thy bright spirit disenthralled of clay;
Even as the dew-drop wastes beneath the sun,
Thus by disease thy being wastes away—
Oh, who that knew thee when thou wert a child,
With a glad voice and heaven unfolding eye,
A creature as the snow flake undefiled,
With a bright lip and cheek of rosy dye,
Oh! who that knew thee then, my all beloved—
Can gaze upon thee now, with soul unmoved!

I would that thou wert dead, and sanctified—
Thy spirit with high elements is fraught,
And that which scorn and cruelty defied,
The lingering stealth of pale disease has wrought—
Yes, death is near thee now sweet Genevieve,
And thou wilt haste to meet him with a smile;
It is in vain thy gentle sisters grieve,
Thy soul will soon flee by each starry isle,
That glitters brightly through the calm blue skies,
Like white lids lifted from pure spirit's eyes.

Thou soon wilt die, sweet martyr, and the earth,
Will nurture gentle flowers above thy grave,
Sweet emblems of thy being and thy birth,
With cypress leaves around thy tomb shall wave—
And when the pensive stranger wanders nigh,
His lips will waft a tributary prayer,
For her who soon must prematurely die,
For her whose seraph form will moulder there—
Farwell, sweet Genevieve—'tis sad to part,
Farewell, thy beauty shrouds a breaking heart.

☞Here's a capital sketch *de editoribus et quibus aum alis*, from the pen of one of the fraternity, no less than he who presides over the New York Mirror. But, Zounds! what business has this editor to let out so many secrets of the fraternity, to say nothing of his fibbing! Babbling and fibbing in an editor! It won't do! He must be hauled over the coals'—*Morganized.*—*Claremont Eagle.*

THOUGHTS ON PUFFARY AND EDITORIALS.

An Editor is an odd creature. He is the most conspicuous personification of the age.—There is nothing else like him. Robert Owen has a leaning that way. Fanny Wright shows up the times a little. But an editor, in particular, is a full grown, prominent, not-to-be-mistaken emblem of the age. He is, at least, the bodily representative of *the press*; and, in his omnipotence, his omnipresence, the far-reaching power of the engine with which he is connected, and from which he derives his importance, he supersedes and stands in the place of the holy fathers of the Roman church, or the emisaries of the inquisition.

What is there on earth so forward, and formidable, as one of this fraternity? Offend him, and you will hear of it. Serve him, and you will one day have occasion to acknowledge his munificent and potent gratitude, and to congratulate yourself on possessing his favor. He is not tied down to the rules of ordinary mortality. He is not a mere man. He must not be treated like the rest of the commonplace sons of Adam. Tread on the toe of a baker, a tailor, a doctor, or a lawyer, and he scowls on you, peradventure, and, perhaps quarrels with you; but, when you have settled the affair, by explanation or pugilism, good-by to it, and to all thoughts of it, for it is *ended*. But tread on the toe of an editor—marry come up! you will hear of it in Alabama.—It will be canvassed in St. Augustine. You will be hauled over the coals at Green Bay.—The *Chinese* will examine into it. An editor, if a bad man, is a sort of basilisk. He lies in your path, as different a thing from another man, as a rattlesnake from a hoop.—He has a sting! *Beware of him!*

Again, your editor expects to become possessed of commodities by a short-hand cut.—He goes, of course every where free of expense. He walks himself, with an air, into museums, theatres, zoological-gardens, concerts, lecture-rooms and dioramas. The door-keepers, are all afraid him. They may brush by him, in his incognito, with their ordinary carelessness;—but, when they find out who he is, it is like coming upon an emperor in disguise! It is a bowing Mahometant astounded at finding that the fellow who has been wranging with him, is no other than Haroun Al Raschid, the commander of the faithful.

We have hinted, that an editor does not particularly like paying for things! If he must pay, he wishes you to know who he is, that you can judge whether or not it is for your interest to let him have the article a shade or so cheaper. If you understand him you will be cautious not to press him for a high price. You had better give it him freely, for little or nothing. Indeed, presenting it to him, out and out, would do no harm—You are, perhaps, one of those literal people who never *look beyond* their noses? You cannot let the thing go for less than the fixed price! Unhappy tradesman!—short-sighted hunter after wealth! Rash, ignorant, mistaken man! Knowest thou what it is thou dost? Beneath that old hat works the fountain of a million of people's opinions. That brow although irradiated by no visible halo, gives law to the public. That hand, its necromantic virtue hidden from thine eyes, transcribes, each passing day, the thonghts, and sways the actions of twenty hundred times the number of all thy friends and customers. If thou could'st please all thy patrons with a few shillings, would'st thou not? What handsful of silver dollars dost thou yearly bestow in the shape of bills for advertisements! And yet now, dost thou haggle and peddle and hum and haw, and offend him, the arch magician of those pages into which thou givest gold to write thy foolish name? Out on thee! thou art a ruined man. Wouldst thou have the whole habitable globe against thee? Wouldst thou be sneered at by the square mile? Wouldst thou be looked coldly on by whole states and nations? Wouldst thou have populous cities know thee only to avoid thee and thy commodities!—Whither wilt thou fly from the displeasure of an editor? Thou must set up thy shop beyond the limits of thy country's language! Thou must get to Asia. Off with thee to Thibet or Kamscatka. Tramp. By Mercury! thou art as good as annihilated—unless, indeed, thou makest a present to the editor of the article in question. Ah, there is a chance for thee!—Despatch one of thy underlings. Counsel him as to his bearing—Let him hasten to the editor's throne. Bid him be respectful and obsequious, hat in hand, head bent knees crooked eyes lifted reverently, and let him say, thou hadst not the remotest inkling of an idea *who he was*, or thou should have 'begged his acceptance,' etc. etc.

Editors are certainly the potentates of the age. The world are afraid of them. Courts and camps handle them as a boy would a *bee!* No one of them ever bearded Mrs. Butler; and, when the last trump shall have sounded the end of all things, if there should be any noise subsequently, it will be the indignant, irrepressible cry of some one of the fraternity against that charming actress and gifted lady.

An editor is dangerous, because he is not himself merely, but he is the embodied token, the essence, the tangible representative, of you know not how many thousand other people.—If you strike him you strike innumerable families. If you pull his nose, you have pulled a hundred thousand noses, women's and children's included. You have not only pulled the noses of his subscribers, but of his readers and admirers.

To resume the first branch of our subject, puffery. It has grown into a business. It has its incomings, like commerce. It is an innumerable series of experiments and speculations. It is a tactic contract between the *puffer* and the *puffee*, to the effect, that the former will puff the thing, if the latter will present the thing puffed. Watch the newspapers, and observe how they squint that way. An editor wants a pair of boots. Mark, now, the proceedings. Behold the experimental paragraphs:

'Mr. Wiggins, No. 50 Bowery, makes the most uncommonly admirable boots of any man in town. Other boots are good, but those made by Mr. Wiggins are peculiarly excellent—perfectly brilliant! We learn that he has discovered a new way of preparing leather, so that it wears three times longer than that in common use. Mr. Wiggins' boots absolutely last a man his life time. There is really no *wear out* to them.,

Under these circumstances, what will Mr. Wiggins do? What can Mr. Wiggins do?—Mr. Wiggins is fairly penned into a corner.—There is but one way out. It is irresistible—inevitable. Mr. Wiggins is not constructed of stone, or any other impenetrable material. He is flesh and blood. His friends congratulate him. He smiles and simpers across the counter. Strangers come in, and ask 'if this is Mr. Wiggins' shop!!!' saying, that they have seen 'an article,' etc., and want a pair of those boots!

Of course, Mr. Editor finds on his table the next day a note.

MY DEAR SIR:—Although I have not the honor of your personal acquaintance, yet I take the liberty of addressing you on a subject which lies near my heart. The liberal and handsome notice taken by you of my boots, commands my thanks.—I beg, sir, that you will call at my shop and accept a pair of the best my shelves can supply. I am, my dear sir, very gratefully and respectfully, your obedient humble servant,

RICHARD P. WIGGINS,
Boot and shoe maker, No. 50 Bowery, Opposite the—— Church.

But this does not end here. Mr. Higgins, who keeps the shop opposite to Mr. Wiggins, has an eye upon matters and things, and says he can see through a mill-stone, with a hole in it as well as any other man. He observes what is going on. He hates Wiggins as he does the very old Satan. They are rivals of twenty years standing, and if there is any thing on earth he despises more than Mr. Wiggins himself, it is Mr. Wiggins' boots! Mr. Higgins reads the paper. He had been a subscriber to it since the first number. He beholds the *puff* upon Mr. Wiggins, and his heart turns itself like a snake with jealousy. He rumes all the morning; swears, blows his nose, talks of 'stopping his paper!' scowls at Wiggins through the window, and contemplates a thousand devices of vengeance as he sees people crowding in to buy the boots with 'no wear out to them,' while his own doors are scarcely darkened by a shadow from morn till night. At length he swallows his wrath, and bethinks him of what had best be done. Mr. Higgins is no fool, as we have hinted. To go over and pull Mr. Wiggins' nose because he has been puffed in the paper, would be very pleasant, but it would make the boots, 'with the no wear out to them,' more talked about and inquired for than ever. In short, should he, Mr. Higgins, pull his, Mr. Wiggins' nose, he felt assured that it would be the very thing of all others that Mr. Wiggins would like. It would sell his boots like wildfire. It would give him an action for damages. It would make his fortune. No, no. Mr. Higgins knows a trick worth two of that. The next morning, the editor who, for first time, mounted the new boots, sits in his office and receives the following note:

MR. EDITOR—I have been a subscriber to your paper for ten years, and am one of its most constant readers and grateful admirers. You have also had my advertising patronage. I lately opened a boot and shoe store in the Bowery. My goods are unequalled by any on earth. Will you oblige me by calling and allowing me to fit you with a pair. I wish you *to try them*. Do me the favor also to bring Mrs.——, your lady, and your children.—Nothing would give me more pleasure than to present your family with a specimen of my new way of making boots, shoes, overshoes, slippers, etc. etc. etc. which have been pronounced, by competent judes, to exceed every thing ever heard. of.—

Your obedient servant,
PETER B. HIGGINS,
40 Bowery, sign of the colossal boot.

It is now the editor's turn to cogitate.—He is in a measure pledged to Mr. Wiggins. But then Mr. Higgins offers to supply not only himself, but his wife, little Bob, Dick, and Sarah Ann. He sends his family. They come home delighted. Boots, shoes, slippers, overshoes, bless us! there has never been such an universal ought before, and such awful struts, too! Even little Dick has a little pair of little overshoes. Mr. Peter B. Higginn, the next morning looks over the paper, and laughs outright. It is glorious.

'Mr. Peter B. Higgins' Boot Store, 40 Bowery. We have been really delighted with a stroll which we casually (casually!) took the other day through this gentleman's admirable boot and shoe store.—For neatness of workmanship, excellence of materials, closeness of fit grace, ease elegance and general beauty, the shoes and boots of Peter B. Higgens have never we fearlessly and disinterestedly assert, never been surpassed. Nay, it is but justice to say, that they have never been equalled.—Crowds of eager buyers are every day at his counter, from the sturdy alderman who walks heavily with the gout, to the slender belle, and the light and careless child; all are highly gratified, all well fitted, all go home wondering at the extraordinary perfection to which lately this art of clothing the ends of the neither extremities have been obviously carried. While Greece boasts her useless parade of sculpture, and Italy dazzles the world with rare images of the pencil, let republican America pride herself on the useful and substantial arts which really add to the happiness of mankind, and instead of a Praxiteles or a Raphael, boasts of a Higgins, who, beneath the star-spangled banner of our infant country, has carried boot-making to its ultimate point of excellence and perfection. We strongly commend public attention to Mr. Higgins' elegant boot establishment, as an institution which must not only delight every philosophic beholder, but where the cheapest and best boots in the city are to be had ready-made, of all sizes, and of a durability and elegance which no boot maker in this city has ever approached.'

Imagine the sensations of Mr. Higgins!—Imagine those also of Mr. Wiggins!

From the Hartford Times.

Many anecdotes respecting what took place during the Revolutionary War, have been published in some of our newspapers within a few years past. I recollect one headed "the funeral of Major John Andre," but it partook more of fiction than of any thing that actually occurred at his funeral.

It must be well known to you and the public generally, that Major Andre was taken, tried, condemned and executed, as a spy from the British army, at that time stationed in N. York, October 2d, 1780. I was at that time an artificer in Colonel Jeduthan Baldwin's regiment, a part of which was stationed within a short distance of the spot where Andre suffered. One of our men (I believe his name was Armstrong) being one of the oldest and best workmen at his trade in the regiment, was selected to make his coffin, which he performed, and painted black,—agreeably to the custom of those times.

At this time Andre was confined in what was called a Dutch church, a small stone building, with only one door, and closely guarded by six sentinels. When the hour appointed for his execution arrived, which I believe was 2 o'clock, P. M., a guard of three hundred men was paraded at the place of his confinement. A kind of procession was then formed by placing the guard in single file on each side of the road.—In front were a large number of American officers of high rank, on horseback; these were followed by the wagon containing Andre's coffin—then a large number of officers on foot, with Andre in their midst. The procession moved slowly up a moderately rising hill, I should think about a fourth of a mile to the west. On the top was a field without any inclosure; in this was a very high gallows, made by setting up two poles or crotches, laying a pole on the top. The wagon that contained the coffin was drawn directly under the gallows.—In a short time Andre stepped into the hind end of the wagon—then on his coffin—took off his hat and laid it down—then placed his hands upon his hips, and walked very uprightly back and forth, as far as the length of his coffin would permit, at the same time casting his eyes upon the pole over his head and the whole scenery by which he was surrounded. He was dressed in what I should call a complete British uniform; his coat was of the brightest scarlet, faced or trimmed with a most beautiful green; his under clothes, or vest and breeches, were a bright buff, very similar to those worn by military officers in Connecticut at the present day; he had a long and beautiful head of hair, which agreeably to the fashion was wound with black ribbon and hung down his back. All eyes were upon him, and it is not believed that any officer in the British army, placed in his situation, would have appeared better than this unfortunate man.

Not many minutes after he took his stand upon the coffin, the executioner stepped into the wagon with a halter in his hand, on one end of which was what the soldiers of those days called a hangman's knot, which he attempted to put over the head and around the neck of Andre, but by a sudden movement of his hand this was prevented. Andre then took off the handkerchief from his neck, unpinned his shirt collar and deliberately took the end of the halter, put it over his head, and placed the knot directly under his right ear, and drew it very snugly to his neck; he then took from his coat pocket a handkerchief and tied it over his eyes. This done, the officer that commanded (his name I have forgotten) spoke in rather a loud voice, and said that his arms must be tied. Andre at once pulled down the handkerchief he had just tied over his eyes, and drew from his pocket a second one, and gave it to the executioner, and then replaced his handkerchief. His arms were tied just above the elbows, and behind his back; the rope was then made fast to the pole overhead. The wagon was very suddenly drawn from under the gallows, which, together with the length of the rope, gave him a most tremendous swing back and forth, but in a few minutes he hung entirely still. During the whole transaction he appeared to be as little daunted as Mr. John Rogers, when he was about to be burnt at the stake; but his countenance was rather pale. He remained hanging, I should think, from 20 to 30 minutes, and during that time the chambers of death were never stiller than the multitude by which he was surrounded. Orders were given to cut the rope and take him down without letting him fall; this was done, and his body was carefully laid on the ground. Shortly after, the guard was withdrawn, and spectators were permitted to come forward and view the corpse, but the crowd was so great that it was some time before I could get an opportunity.

When I was able to do this, his coat, vest and breeches were taken off and his body laid in the coffin, covered by some under clothes—the top of the coffin was not put on. I viewed the corpse more carefully than ever I had done that of any human being before. His head was very much on one side, in consequence of the manner in which the halter drew upon his neck. His face appeared to be greatly swollen and very black, much resembling a high degree of mortification; it was indeed a shocking sight to behold. There were at this time standing at the foot of the coffin two young men of uncommonly short statute—I should think not more than four feet high. Their dress was the most gaudy that I ever beheld, one of them had the clothes just taken from Andre hanging on his arm—I took particular pains to learn who they were, and was informed that they were his servants, sent up from New York to take care of his clothes, but what other business I did not learn.

I now turned to take a view of the executioner, who was still standing by one of the posts of the gallows. I walked nigh enough to him to have laid my hand upon his shoulder, and looked him directly in the face. He appeared to be about twenty-five years of age—his beard of two or three week's growth, and his whole face coveredy with what appeared to be blacking taken from the outside of a greasy pot. A more frightful looking being I never beheld—his whole countenance bespoke him to be a fit instrument for the business he had been doing.—Wishing to see the closing of the whole business I remained upon the spot until scarce twenty persons were left, but the coffin was still beside the grave, which had previously been dug. I now returned to my tent, with my mind deeply imbued with the shocking scene I had been called to witness.

Mr. Editor, I was an eye witness to the whole of the circumstances related above; and should you thing it worthy publishing in your paper, you will please to act accordingly.

From Lt. Smyth's Journey from Lima to Para, S. A.

Indian Superstion. We are informed that a whimsical superstitious custom prevails, when a man is obliged to make a distant journey, and cannot take his wife with him. In order to ascertain her constancy during his absence, he places a quantity of a certain grass in a hole in the rock—unknown, of course, to the lady—when he sets out; and if, on his return he finds it withered, the delinquency of the wife is considered as proved, and she is severely chastised. One of these curious tests of conjugal fidelity was pointed out to us.

Diet. Monkeys seem to be the principal article of their animal food, great numbers of which we saw hanging up dried in most of the houses—and they formed no inconsiderable portion of our food till we reached Sarayacu. We at first felt some repugnance to this diet,—but habit and necessity got the better of it, and when accustomed to the meat, we found it by no means disagreeable.

Curious Web. We saw here a gigantic spider's web suspended to the trees—it was about twenty-five feet in height, and near fifty in length—the threads were very strong, and it had the empty sloughs of thousands of insects hanging in it. It appears to be the habitation of a great number of spiders of a larger size than we ever saw in England.

Indian Astronomy. Their notion of an eclipse has a curious similarity to that of the Chinese; when the sun is covered by the moon's disk, they suppose him to be struggling with some savage beast, and shout to encourage him, and make all the noise they can, with the view of frightening his antagonist, and discharge burning arrows towards him. When the eclipse is over, the usual course of drinking and dancing begins, and is kept up the remainder of the day and the following night.

The appearance of the new moon is hailed with great joy; they make long addresses to her, imploring her protection, and that she will be so good as to invigorate their bodies. During these harangues they throw themselves into a variety of attitudes and vehement gesticulations.

From the American Magazine.

TOWER OF BABEL.

On the banks of the Euphrates is the site of a ruined city, which is supposed to have been Babylon, that mighty capital of ancient Chaldea. Among the ruins, and about four miles from the river, there is an immense mound, to which the Arabs have given name El Mujellibah, or 'The Overthrown.' Scholars, deeply versed in ancient history and geography, are of opinion that this mound was the foundation of the Tower of Babel. In shape, it is a vast oblong square, and is composed of sun-dried and kiln-burnt bricks, which are laid in regular courses, with layers of unbroken reeds between each course. The material of most of the bricks appears to have been mud, which was beaten up with chopped straw, and baked in the burning sun of that Eastern clime. This was the sort of brick which the Israelites were compelled to make without straw—a very difficult task; for the straw was necessary to keep the mud or clay from crumbling to pieces. Instead of mortar, asphaltus or bitumen was used; this is the slime which is referred to in the following passage from Scripture—'And they had brick for stone and slime had they for mortar." Such of the bricks as remain entire are 13 inches square & three inches thick, and are generally marked with ancient charters.

The mound is a solid mass, the sides of which face the four cardinal points. The northern side is 274 yards in length; the southern 256; the eastern 126; and the western 240. In its most elevated part, the ruin is 139 feet high. The summit is an uneven surface, strewn with whole and broken bricks, some of which are vitrified or petrified, and with pottery bitumen, shells and glass. The base of the mound is greatly injured by time and the elements. Towards the southeast, it is cloven asunder by a deep furrow, extending from top to bottom. In the sides of the structure deep cavities are visible, which have been partly worn by the weather, but chiefly, hollowed out by the Arabs, in search of bricks and other antiquities. Within these caves, there is an offensive smell, and they are strewn with the bones of sheep and goats, which have been dragged thither and devoured by jackals. Numberless bats and owls inhabit their dismal recesses. Lions have been said to make their lair among the ruins; but it is believed that there are no lions in that part of the East. The natives can hardly be prevailed on to follow strangers into the cavities of the wall, or to remain in the vicinity of the mound after sunset, for fear of the demons with whom their superstitious fancies have peopled this place of mystery and decay. Besides its name of El Mujellibah, the mound is also called Haroot and Maroot, from a tradition that two rebel angels, who bore those appellations, are confined thereabouts in a certain invisible well, within which they have been hanging by their heels for ages, and will continue so to hang till the day of judgement. It is natural that legends of this character should be connected with the ruins, and throw a shadowy dread around them; but the only real danger, incurred by a visit to El Mujellibah, is that of being stung by the venomous reptiles which infest the spot. The situation of this, and other ports of the once magnificent and populous city of Babylon, corresponds well with the prophecy of Jeremiah.—'And Babylon shall become heaps, a dwelling-place for dragons, an astonishment and a hissing, without an inhabitant.' The traveller in the East finds, at every step, proofs equally strong of the prophetic truth of the Bible. It is not too much to say, that all the countries, where the old prophets dwelt, are now strewn with accomplished prophecies.

This is not the place for an erudite discussion, whether the rumous mound of El Mujellibah—The Overthrow—be really the remains of the Tower of Babel, where mankind, till then constituting one race and people, were, first divided into nations of various tongues. But there is nothing, either in the structure itself, or its local situation, to controvert that opinion;—and if any person, by adopting it, will gain a livelier faith in Scripture history, there are fair and reasonable grounds for him to do so.

From the American Magazine.

MARRIAGE, AND LONG LIFE.

It has long been the opinion of those who have paid attention to the subject, that marriage, in both sexes, is conductive to length of life; and an European philosopher has lately made observations, which render the fact indubitable. His researches, together with what was previously known, give the following remarkable results. Among unmarried men, at the ages of from thirty to forty-five, the average number of deaths per annum is twenty-seven in a hundred but of married men, at the same period of life, the deaths are only eighteen. For forty-one bachelors who attain the age of forty, there are seventy-eight married men who do the same. As age advances, the difference becomes more striking. At sixty, there are only twenty-two unmarried men alive, for ninety-eight who have enjoyed the benefits of matrimony;—at seventy, the proportion between the bachelors and married men is eleven of the former for twenty seven of the latter;—and at eighty, there are nine married men for three single ones. The same rule holds good, in nearly the same proportions, with regard to the other sex. Married women, at the age of thirty, taking one with another, may expect to live thirty-six years longer; while, for the unmarried, the expectation of life is only thirty years and a half. Of those who attain the age of forty-five, there are seventy-two married women for fifty-two old maids. These estimates, it must be understood, are based on actual facts, by observing the difference of longevity between equal numbers of individuals, in single and in married life.

Should it be asked, how it is that marriage conduces to longevity, it may be difficult to give a satisfactory reply. Its mode of operation is probably rather mental and moral, than physical. As regards the male sex, the quietude of domestic life—its peaceful cares, if we may use the expression—and the calm sense of virtuous affections, and satisfied desires—would be likely to keep the soul from wearing out the frame too soon. The course of a married man's life is generally regular; his wife's influence tempers his masculine character, and makes him less wild and adventurous; he feels that he is not exclusively his own property, and therefore is not ashamed to be careful of himself. His spirit is tamed down, and hurry him into vicissitudes, whether of good or evil fortune. He has bidden adieu to all feverish passions.—On many accounts his health is exposed to far less peril than before; and, in sickness, he has the tenderest of nurses. Finally, he totters a long way down into the vale of years, because supported by a careful arm, when he otherwise might sink. Compare such a life with the ill regulated and reckless course of too many unconjugated men, and here is at least one cause for the briefer span of the latter class. Our reasoning, however, is not equally applicable to old maids, who nevertheless, are subject to the same law as their male counterparts.

MANGEL WURTZEL.—This root has attracted much attention here for the last two years, and its value as an article of food for stock; as well as the great quantity which may be produced from an acre of ground, has induced many farmers to experiment upon its culture. These experiments, however, have been upon a small scale, and the result in most cases a total failure. Many now regard it as an uncertain crop, and the chances of success so small, that I fear they will abandon it altogether. But I hope the experiments of the present year will be more successful, and redeem the character of the crop. It is true we have had but little success with this crop, but I am of the opinion that if rightly managed, it may be as successfully cultivated as the potatoe. As with other crops, a bad season may destroy it, but a good soil and *right preparation of the seed are indespensible to success.* In 1834 a friend sent me a few seeds, the first I had ever seen. These seeds were thoroughly soaked at the time he sent them and I was so situated that I was obliged to defer planting them a day or two longer, so they must have been in soak four or five days before planting. They vegetated quickly, and were up in three days. In the fall I gathered them and fed them to cows. They devoured them so greedily that I was induced to try them again the following season. I accordingly prepared some ground, and towards the last of May I planted the seed *dry.* The result was, on one-eighth of an acre which I planted, I never could find half a dozen plants. I shall try the experiment again the present season, with seed thoroughly soaked, and covered half an inch in depth with finally pulverized earth.

Genesee Farmer.

An Irish gentleman once appeared in the court of King's bench, as a security for a friend in the sum of three thousand pounds. Serjeant Davy, though he well knew the responsibility of the gentleman, could not help his customary impertinence. "Well, sir, how do you make yourself to be worth three thousand pounds?" The gentleman very deliberately specified the particulars up to two thousand nine hundred and forty pounds. "Ay," says Davy, "that is not enough by sixty." "For that sum," replied the other, "I have a note of one Serjeant Davy, and I hope he will have the honesty soon to discharge it." This set the court in a roar;—the serjeant was for once abashed, and Lord Mansfield said, "Well, brother, I think we may except the bail."

EXTRAVAGANCE is merely comparative. A Canadian, when encamped in the woods, will perhaps heap several large pine trees upon his watch-fire. They cost him nothing, and are of no value to any body. But a native of Potosi would consider this the utmost degree of extravagance, because, in his country, each tree would be worth a thousand dollars.

Distressing.—Mr. Webster, in a late speech in the Senate, remarked that "he looked upon it as an anamoly in history of governments,—an extraordinary, occasional, accidental case,—a phenomenon,—that more money had been suffered to accumulate in the Treasury, than could possibly be disbursed." There is certainly no doubt of the fact. The great difficulty with governments has generally been to raise a sufficient amount of money to meet their expenses; and to our government alone, and under the present administration, so far at least as relates to modern times, it has been left to have in the treasury an amount which has occasioned a controversy and contest with regard to the proper mode of disbursing it. This, our opponents regard, or pretend to regard, as a great and alarming evil. Had those who have opposed the administration been able to carry their policy and schemes into effect we should have been saved any trouble on this subject.—They were pursuing a course of policy in applying the public funds to local objects to such an extent that had it been persisted in, instead of having in the treasury an amount of money sufficient to cause any controversy with regard to its disbursement, we should have been deeply in debt. But happily the veto power was in hands which knew how to wield it in such a manner as to check the course of policy which was leading to a state bordering upon bankruptcy, instead of affluence and an overflowing treasury.—Baltimore Republican.

The New York Evening Post says—'There is not an association of any sort for the purposes of business, the members of which may not be prosecuted and sent to the penitentiary, if the doctrine laid down in Judge Edwards' charge, published yesterday, be law. According to his position, a combination to take a settled price, and no less, for anything to be sold, is a conspiracy injurious to trade and commerce, and is punishable under the statute of New York. Then the owners of our packet ships, who demand a hundred and forty dollars for a passage to Liverpool, are conspirators. Go to the E and see if you can obtain a passage for less—they will answer you in the negative—and if you ask the reason, they will tell you it is a fixed price, agreed upon by the proprietors.—Here is a criminal combination; for suppose with Judge Edwards that all the packet owners should ask more than the citizens were able to give, who would find his way across the Atlantic, and what would become of our commerce?

NEW GOODS.

HUBBARD & HOWE,

[Norway-Village,]

HAVE just received from BOSTON, a prime assortment of NEW GOODS, which will be sold at very low prices, among which are the following, viz:—

Broadcloths,

Blue, Black, Mulberry, Claret, Brown, Green, Dahlia and Adilaid.

CASSIMERES,

Super Black, Lavender, Blue, Stone, Drab, and Light

SILKS,

Blue, Black, and Blue-black, Gro de Swiss, col'rd pouh de Soie do., Gro de Nap do., Synshaw, light, fig'd, plain, ribbed, and changeable.

FLORENCES,

Striped, plaid, &c.—Pongee, Silk sirge, &c.—Ladies and Gents. Hose—Coloured and white GLOVES, Kid, beaver, and deerskin do.

GINGHAMS,

Striped, plaid, plain, and check.—Silk and cotton Cravats, and pocket H'd'k'fs.—Table cloths, crash, diappers, cambric, muslin, linnen cambric, linen, sheeting, and shirting, bleached and unbleached.

CALICOES,

50 pieces English, French, and American, of various figures, colours, qualities, and prices.

LACES,

Bobinett, Grecian, Lace Footing, Edging, &c.

VESTINGS,

Black satin, blue-black, black, changeable, clarat, and brown silk Velvet.

India rubber Suspenders, ticking, batting, wicking, warp yarn, cotton thread, sewing silk, pins, needles, &c. &c. &c. &c.

—ALSO—

Ladies' and Misses' Prunello and Kid SLIPS.

—LIKEWISE—

Gents. Silk and Fur HATS.—W. I. Goods.—Crockery, Glass, and Hard Ware.

JOINER'S TOOLS of every description, with a great variety of other articles usually kept in a country Store, which they offer to the public for inspection, respectfully soliciting a share of patronage; and will sell as low for cash, or in exchange for lumber or produce, as can be purchased elsewhere. "No MISTAKE."

☞Purchasers who are desirous of a Good Bargain are most respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves.

May 17th, 1836. is tf 40

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

Maine Monthly Magazine,

COMPRISING

The Portland Magazine and The Eastern Magazine.

ON the first day of July next, will be issued the first number of THE MAINE MONTHLY MAGAZINE Edited by CHARLES GILMAN.

In order to form a Magazine worthy of support, and creditable to a State, which, in other points of view, is attaining an important rank in the Confederacy, the Proprietors of '*The Portland Magazine,*' and '*The Eastern Magazine,*' have deemed it expedient to unite these two periodicals under the above general title, and to publish the united work simultaneously at Portland and Bangor. The contributors to the pages of these Magazines comprise some of the best writers in the Union, who, it is confidently expected, will continue their efforts. Arrangements have also been made to add others to the list, whose names are favorably known in the republic of letters. Mrs. Ann S Stephens, having relinquished the editorial department to Charles Gilman, Esq. who has for five months past conducted '*The Eastern Magazine,*' will travel the present season, and will continue her labors as contributor to the '*Maine Monthly.*' The Editor will endeavor, with the assistance which he expects to receive, to render the Magazine in every way worthy of a liberal support, and if he should fail of so doing, he trusts that it shall not be for want of exertion on his part. To the people of New England, therefore, generally, and to Maine and the two cities in which the Magazine is to be published in particular, the Publishers look for support, and hope that every effort to please will meet with a corresponding reward.

THE MAINE MONTHLY MAGAZINE will be published simultaneously, on the first of each month, in Portland and Bangor, at Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance, or on delivery of the third number. Agents will receive a fair discount from the subscription price.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor or to the care of either of the Publishers as may be most convenient Letters on business connected with the work to be addressed to either of the Publishers. In all cases, the postage must be paid.

EDWARD STEPHENS, *Portland,* } PUBLISHERS.
DUREN & THATCHER, *Bangor,* }

May, 1836. 41

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, ss:

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Auction (unless previously redeemed,) at the store of the subscriber in Oxford, on *SATURDAY the thirtieth day of July next, at two o'clock P. M.* all the right, title, and interest which REUBEN BLAIR of Poland, has to a certain piece of land situated in the town of Oxford, containing about 50 acres, the same lying on the East side of Thompson Pond, and near the road leading from Craigies Mills to Meguire Hill (so called) in the town of Poland. JOHN J. FERRY, Dept Sh'ff

Oxford, June 18, 1836. 3w 45

Astray.

CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber about the last of April or first of May, *one yearling STEER,* and *one yearling HEIFER,* with one ear cut of square and the other hollow. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take them away.

BENJAMIN COOPER.

Paris, June 15, 1836. 3w 45

Stray Mare.

THIS day delivered to me by B. Teague of Turner for the purpose of impounding, a dark sorrel mare eight years old with a small white spot in her forehead, said mare having strayed into the enclosure of said Teague. The owner is hereby notified thereof, and requested to pay all charges on account of said mare and take her away. CUSHING PHILLIPS,

Turner, May 30, 1836 } Pound-keeper of Turner.

26,000 SUBSCRIBERS!!!

PHILADELPHIA MIRROR.

THE splendid patronage awarded to the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, induces the editors to commence the publication, under the above title, of a quarto edition of their popular journal, so long known as the largest Family Newspaper in the United States, with a list of near TWENTY-SIX THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS. The new feature recently introduced of furnishing their readers with new books of the best literature of the day, having proved so eminently successful, the plan will be continued Six volumes of the celebrated writings of Capt. Marryatt, and sixty-five of Mr Brooks valuable Letters from Europe, have already been published, without interferring with its news and miscellaneous reading. The Courier is the largest and cheapest family newspaper ever issued in this country, containing articles in Literature, Science, and Arts; Internal Improvement; Agriculture; in short every variety of topics usually introduced into a public journal. Giving full accounts of sales, markets, and news of the latest dates.

It is published at the low price of $2. For this small sum subscribers get valuable and entertaining matter each week enough to fill a common book of 200 pages, and equal to 52 volumes a year, and which is estimated to be read, weekly, by at least two hundred thousand people, scattered in all parts of the country, from Maine to Florida, and from the sea board to the lakes. The paper has now been so long established as to render it too well known to require an extended prospectus, the publishers, therefore, will do no more than refer to the two leading daily political papers of opposite politics.—The Pennsylvanian says—"The Saturday Courier is the largest and one of the best family newspapers in the Union;" the other, the Inquirer and Daily Courier says, "it is the largest journal published in Philadelphia, and one of the very best in the United States." The New York Star says—"we know of nothing more liberal on the part of the editors, and no means more efficacious to draw out the dormant talents of our country, than their unexampled liberality in offering literary prizes."

The Albany Mercury of March 16th, 1836, says, "the Saturday Courier is decidedly the best Family Newspaper ever published in this or any other country, and its value is duly appreciated by the public, if we may judge from its vast circulation, which exceeds 25,000 per week! Its contents are as receivably varied, and each number contains more really valuable 'reading matter' than is published in a week in any daily paper in the Union. Its mammoth dimensions enables its enterprising proprietors, Messrs. Woodward & Clarke, of Philadelphia, to republish in its columns, in the course of a year, several of the most interesting new works that issue from the British press; which cannot fail to give to it a permanent interest, and render it worthy of preservation. To meet the wishes, therefore, of such of their subscribers as desire to have their numbers bound, they have determined on issuing an edition of the Courier in the quarto form, which will render it much more convenient for reading when it is bound in a volume, and thus greatly enhance its value."

THE QUARTO EDITION.

Under the title of the Philadelphia Mirror, will commence with the publication of the Prize Tale, to which was awarded the prize of $100, written by Miss Leslie, editor of the splendid Annual the Token, and author of Pencil Sketches and other valuable contributions to American Literature. A large number of songs, poems, tales, &c. offered in competition for the $500 premiums, will add value and interest to the succeeding numbers, which will also be enriched by a story from Miss Sedgewick, author of Hope Leslie, The Linwoods, &c. whose talents have been so justly and extensively appreciated, both at home and abroad.

This approved FAMILY NEWSPAPER is strictly neutral in religious and political matters, and uncompromising opponent of quackery of every kind.

MAPS.

In addition to all of which the publishers intend furnishing their patrons with a series of engraved Maps, embracing the twenty-five States of the Union, &c. exhibiting the situation &c. of rivers, towns, mountains, lakes, the sea board, internal improvements, as displayed in canals, rail roads, &c. forming a complete Atlas for general use and information, handsomely executed, and each district map on a large quarto sheet, at an expense which nothing but the splendid patronage which for six years past has been so generously extended to them, could warrant.

TERMS:

The Philadelphia Saturday Courier is still continued in its large form, at the same price as heretofore. The Philadelphia Mirror, being a quarto edition of the Saturday Courier, with its increased attractions, and printed on the best fine white paper of the same size as the New York Albion, will be put at precisely one half the price of that valuable journal, viz: Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance, (including the Map.)

WOODWARD & CLARKE,

Philadelphia.

. The paper will be sent in exchange to such newspapers as may oblige us by publishing our advertisement. 42

CAREY'S LIBRARY

OF

CHOICE LITERATURE

Has now completed its first Six Months of publication, and the publishers offer the following works in testimony of the fulfilment of the promises made to the public in the original prospectus.

Life of Sir James Mackintosh, by his Son.
Kincaid's Rifle Brigade.
Characteristics of Hindostan, by Miss Roberts.
One in a Thousand, by G. P. R James.
Rienzi, by E. L. Bulwer.
Random Recollections of the House of Commons.

The Second Volume has commenced with Selections from *The Dramas of Joanna Baillie,* and *Confessions & Crimes, or Posthumous Records of a London Clergyman.*—a work resembling in style, and supposed to be by the same author, as the celebrated Tales from the Diary of a Physician.

The first volume can be had separate, without subscribing to the work, upon the remittance of $2 50 to the publishers.

The Library is published weekly, containing Twenty imperial octavo pages, and the Literary Advertiser, which accompanies it, four pages, and is bound up at the end of every volume. Price per annum, in advance, $5,

Address, E. L. CAREY & A. HART,
Or LOUIS A. GODEY,
PHILADELPHIA.

CLUBBING.

A remittance of Five Dollars will command the first volume of the Library and the Marryatt Novels, complete in 8 numbers, containing Peter Simple—Jacob Faithful—Pirate and Three Cutters—King's Own—Newton Forster—Pacha of Many Tales—and Japhet in Search of his Father—or

First Volume of Library and Lady's Book

MEDICINES

OF various kinds constantly for sale at the Oxford Book-Store:—just added the following:—

Starr's Genuine Vegetable Pulmonary Balsomic Syrup of LIVERWORT, for the cure of Consumption, Coughs and Colds.

DR. JOHNSON'S Vegetable, Rheumatic and Bilious Pills, a highly esteemed remedy for Rheumatic, Scorbutic and Bilious complaints, Indigestion, Costiveness, &c. the very best Family Medicine ever offered to the public, combining the best properties of the Hygean and Dean's Pills. Price 50 cts. a box.

Dr. John on's TOOTH ACHE DROPS, a cure for the tooth ache. Price 25 cents

Madam Blour's celebrated WORM ELIXER, a sure and efficacious remedy for the *Worms.* Price 50 cents.

Dr. Johnson's American Anodyne Liniment or Opodeldoc, a cure for Rheumatism, Strains, Bruises, Stiffness in the Joints, Chilblains, and for Sprains and Ringbones, chafing of the harness, &c. on Horses. Price 37½ cents.

Dr. Johnson's celebrated RED OINTMENT, a certain cure for the *ITCH,* and all disagreeable Humors and Eruptions of the Skin, for Ringworms, Salt Rhyum, &c. Price 25 cents.

N. E. Pectoral Syrup and *Cough Pills;* the best remedy for bad Coughs and Colds, Phthisic, &c. ever invented. Price 50 cents.

British, Harliem, & Castor OIL S.—Camphor, and Oils of Peppermint, Bergamot, Sassafra, and Essences of almost every description.

BALSAM OF LIFE.

DR. MOORE'S ESSENCE OF LIFE, an excellent article for Consumptions, &c. &c. W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway-Village, Jan 25, 1836. cowtf 23

TO MILL OWNERS.

THE public are hereby notified that N. G. NORRIS continues to manufacture the improved portable

Smutt Machines,

at Sandwich, N. H; at which place persons wishing to purchase can be accommodated on reasonable terms at the shortest notice. 18 re

Sandwich, October, 1835. tf10

Important Information!

TO PERSONS AFFLICTED WITH THE FOLLOWING COMPLAINTS, viz:

SCORFULA, Leprosy, Salt Rheum, St. Anthony's Fire Fever Sores, even when the bones are affected. White Swellings, Violent Eruptions after measles, Scurvey, Foul Festering eruptions, Pimpled and Carbuncled faces, Sore Eyes, Sore Legs, Scald Head, Ulcers, Venerable Taints when Mercury has failed, and *all disorders* arising from an impure state of the *Blood* and *Humors*—are assured that

DR. RELFE'S

Botanical Drops!

Continue Unrivalled, for the Prevention, Relief and Cure of all these complaints,—In proof of which, read the following

☞Remarkable cure of a case of 12 years standing.

Extract of a letter. Sir—"My leg, which before did not look like a human limb, is now healed up, (after resisting every other application for 12 years!) Previous to taking your Relfe's Botanical Drops, I had given up hope of relief."

Another Case. An Agent writes—"There is a person taking the Botanical Drops, evidently with the greatest advantage." He declares, to use his own words, 'Its doing wonders for him,' and is, as it were, 'snatching him from the grave.'

Numerous instances have occurred where persons were pining away a miserable existence, nothing they could procure affording them permanent relief, until they had made use of the above invaluable Medicine.

DUMFRIES' REMEDY FOR

The Piles!

One of the best and most thorough remedy known for this troublesome complaint. It has more perfectly answered the purpose for which it is intended than any other now in common use, and affords immediate relief, both from the disorder itself, and its accompanying symptoms of pain in the loins, vertigo, headache, loss of appetite, indigestion and other marks of debility.

Price $1 for both articles—Ointment and Electuary—or 50 cents when but one only is wanted.

None are genuine unless signed T. KIDDER, on the wrapper, sole proprietor and successor to Dr. CONWAY, by whom they are for sale, at his Countingroom, No 99, Court St. Boston, and by his special appointment, by S. CROCKETT & Co. Paris-Hill and SMITH & BENNETT, and WM. E. GOODNOW, Norway-Village, who have also for sale all of the celebrated medicines prepared by him.

Large discounts to those who buy to sell again. No. 1. 9.

HUTCHINS'

NEW

COMPOUND RENOVATOR, OR

CHEMICAL SOAP,

FOR cleansing Coat Collars, Wearing Appearel of all kinds from spots, occasioned by Oils, Tar, Varnish, Wheel or Gudgeon Grease and Paints; and removing spots from Furniture.

Likewise, it is an excellent remedy for bruises, sprains, cutaneous eruptions upon the face, chilblains, and sore or chapped hands. For places chafed by the harness or saddle upon horses it is also a superior composition

From the successful & satisfactory experiments which have been made of this preparation, it can with the utmost safety be recommended to the public as far exceeding any other of the kind, for removing spots of grease, paint, &c. however long they may have been on, and for brightening and refreshing the colors without destroying the fibre or injuring the texture of the cloth.

For Sale at the Oxford Bookstore, by

W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway-Village, March 1, 1836. 3mis—tiecpos29

☞NOTICE.☜

THE Subscriber would inform the public that he has taken the Store in South Paris lately occupied by Mr. CYRUS THAYER, where he intends to keep as general an assortment of Goods as is usually kept in a country Store and would most respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

JOSEPH CUMMINGS, Jr

South Paris Jan. 23 1836

Wrapping and Writing Paper,

CHEAP,

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore.

—ALSO—

ROSS' ARCTIC VOYAGE. Narrative of the recent voyage of Captain Ross to the Arctic Regions.—in the years 1829-30-31-32-33, and a notice of Captain Back's Expedition; with a Preliminary sketch of Polar Discoveries, from the Earliest Period to the year 1829. First American edition

BLAKES ASTRONOMY
Mrs. Lincoln's Botany.
Town Officer.
Young Reader
Peter Parley's First Book of History.
do Second do do.
do Geography
Colburn's First Lesson in Arithmetic.
PAINTS and DRAWING PAPER.
Toy Books.
Justice Execution Blanks.

Norway, June 4, 1836 } W. E GOODNOW.

NOTICE.

COMMITTED to the subscriber as Pound Keeper of East Livermore by J. S. Haines, a black Mare, supposed to be six or seven years old, said beast was taken up in the highway, May the 30th, and was impounded as an estray. The owner is requested to pay all legal and just charges and take said horse away.

COLUMBUS HAINES.

East Livermore, June 4th 1836.

Commissioners' Notice.

WE, having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors to the estate of William Chamberlain, late of Rumford in said county, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months are allowed the said creditors to bring in and prove their claims, and we shall attend on Saturday the 27th day of August and Saturday the nineteenth of November next, at the dwelling house of William Frost, Esq in said Rumford, at one of the clock in the afternoon of each of said days.

WILLIAM FROST,
JOHN THOMPSON.

Rumford, May 24th, 1836. 3 w 43

ENTERTAINMENT.

THE subscriber having removed from Paris, and purchased the well known Tavern in FALMOUTH, recently owned and occupied by SAMUEL HICKS, respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. The Tavern is now undergoing repairs, whereby it will be rendered convenient and comfortable. No pains will be spared to render the accommodations agreeable to travellers and men of business who may patronize the establishment.—It is situated eight and a half miles from Portland Market, on the new road leading to Gray.

A convenient Stable is attached to the Tavern, where good attendance is insured by a good and faithful hostler.

With these conveniences, and determined to merit the confidence of the public, he flatters himself that he shall be able to give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.

OTES WASHBURN.

Falmouth, April 20th, 1836 6w38

Commissioners' Notice.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the Hon Stephen Emery Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, Commissioners, to receive and examine the claims of creditors to the estate of

JOSEPH LARY, Jr.

late of Gilead in said county, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months are allowed the creditors to exhibit and prove their claims; and that we will attend the service assigned us at the dwelling house of the deceased in said Gilead, on the last Saturday in July and August next, from one to five o'clock in the afternoon of each day.

JAMES BURBANK,
CURATIA TWITCHEL, } Com'rs.

Gilead, May 24, 1836 3 * 45

Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 3. PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, JULY 12, 1836. NUMBER 48

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

GEORGE W. MILLETT.

TERMS—One dollar and fifty cents in advance.—One dollar and seventy-five cents at the end of six months.—Two dollars at the end of the year.

No paper discontinued till all dues are paid, but at the option of the Publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms; the proprietor not being accountable for any error in any Advertisement beyond the amount charged for it.

COMMUNICATIONS, and LETTERS on business must be addressed to the publisher, *Post-paid*.

WOMAN.—BY WILLIS G. CLARK.

Methinks there is no lovlier sight on earth,
Than gentle Women in her early years;
Before one cloud has gathered o'er her mirth,
Ere her bright eyes grow dim with secret tears
When life the semblance of a dream doth wear,
Unclouded by mischance, or grief, or guile;
When rich delight breathes in the golden air,
And boundless Fancy wears a joyous smile.

I have bow'd down to Woman,—not as one
Who idly worships at a careless shrine;
But as the heathen bows unto the sun,
Whose rays beam round him—eloquent—divine
Not like a lingerer in Fashion's train,
Who smiles and flatters a believing few;
Hollow in heart, perchance, and cold and vain,
Where words are fables—theirless and untrue.

But I am happy, when about my way
These flowers of being ever chance to spring;
'Tis like an hour of dreams where fairies play,
And gentle wild birds dance on glittering wing.
Care is a shadow then, and in my heart
The well springs of deep ecstacy arise;
I feel each scale of loneliness depart,
Like storm clouds melting from the April skies.

Oh, if my prayers might unto Heaven ascend,
'Twould be that Woman might be ever blest;
That flowers and sunlight in her path might blend,
And Eden's vision lull her tranquil rest;
I would that time might bear upon his wing
Untroubled brightness for each fleeting day,
And every scene which hope is picturing
Grows clearer as existence wears away.

And as a gift from Heaven to cheer us here,
I would that women when life's hour is done,
Might fade like star-light, when the atmosphere
Is faintly colored by the approaching sun—
Passing from earth to a more cloudless scene,
Where brighter gems in purer skies are set—
Where chrystal fountains play in pastures green,
Blending in fancy's spell, with golden memories yet.

THE BROKEN HEARTED.

BY ROBERT MORRIS, ESQ.

I would not thou wert dead, devoted one,
For thou art all too pure to linger here:
Life's joyous sands to thee are nearly run,
And sorrow's hand hath made thy being sear—
Thy girlhood was a pure and artless dream,
And many a sunny hope has thrilled thy breast,
And many an air-blown bubble gilt life's stream,
Flash'd for a moment—burst, and sunk to rest—
Emblems of youth and loveliness were they,
And, like hope's fairy visions, pass'd away.

I would that thou wert dead, forsaken girl,
That high pale brow enshrined within the tomb;
For as with gentle winds still waters curl,
So fades at sorrow's touch young beauty's bloom—
Thou art too pure and fair for this cold earth,
A thing too guiltless long to dwell below,
Thy voice has lost its cadences of mirth,
The glory has departed from thy brow—
And youth's pure bloom has left thy virgin heart,
And beauty like a phantom will depart.

I would that thou wert dead, for life to thee
Is as a broken reed—a withered flower;
Dark shadows rest upon thy destiny,
And storms of fate around thy fortunes lower—
Wedded to one thy bosom cannot love,
Banished from him thine every thought employs,
Thou art in heart a bruised and wounded dove,
And earth to thee can yield no future joys,
Wearily passes life and time with thee;
A dusky shadow dims thy destiny.

I would that thou wert dead, devoted one,
And thy bright spirit disenthralled of clay;
E'en as the dew-drop wastes beneath the sun,
Thus by disease thy being wastes away—
Oh, who that knew thee when thou wert a child,
With a glad voice and heaven unfolding eye,
A creature as the snow fl the undefiled,
With a bright lip and cheek of rosy dye,
Oh! who that knew thee then, my all beloved—
Can gaze upon thee now, with soul unmoved!

I would that thou wert dead, and sanctified—
Thy spirit with high elements is fraught,
And that which scorn and cruelty defied,
The lingering stealth of pale disease has wrought—
Yes, death is near thee now sweet Genevieve,
And thou wilt haste to meet him with a smile;
It is in vain thy gentle sisters grieve,
Thy soul will soon flee by each starry isle,
That glitters brightly through the calm blue skies,
Like white lids lifted from pure spirit's eyes.

Thou soon wilt die, sweet martyr, and the earth,
Will nurture gentle flowers above thy grave,
Sweet emblems of thy being and thy birth,
With cypress leaves around thy tomb shall wave—
And when the pensive stranger wanders nigh,
His lips will waft a tributary prayer,
For her who soon must prematurely die,
For her whose seraph form will moulder there—
Farwell, sweet Genevieve—'tis sad to part,
Farewell, thy beauty shrouds a breaking heart.

☞Here's a capital sketch *de editoribus et quibus aum alis*, from the pen of one of the fraternity, no less than he who presides over the New York Mirror. But, Zounds! what business has this editor to let out so many secrets of the fraternity, to say nothing of his fibbing! Babbling and fibbing in an editor! It won't do! He must be hauled over the coals'——*Morganized*.—*Claremont Eagle*.

THOUGHTS ON PUFFARY AND EDITORIALS.

An Editor is an odd creature. He is the most conspicuous personification of the age.—There is nothing else like him. Robert Owen has a leaning that way. Fanny Wright shows up the times a little. But an editor, in particular, is a full grown, prominent, not-to-be-mistaken emblem of the age. He is, at least, the bodily representative of *the press*; and, in his omnipotence, his omnipresence, the far-reaching power of the engine with which he is connected, and from which he derives his importance, he supersedes and stands in the place of the holy fathers of the Roman church, or the emisaries of the inquisition.

What is there on earth so forward, and formidable, as one of this fraternity? Offend him, and you will hear of it. Serve him, and you will one day have occasion to acknowledge his munificent and potent gratitude, and to congratulate yourself on possessing his favor. He is not tied down to the rules of ordinary mortality. He is not a mere man. He must not be treated like the rest of the commonplace sons of Adam. Tread on the toe of a baker, a tailor, a doctor, or a lawyer, and he scowls on you, peradventure, and, perhaps quarrels with you; but, when you have settled the affair, by explanation or pugilism, good-by to it, and to all thoughts of it, for it is *ended*. But tread on the toe of an editor—marry come up! you will hear of it in Alabama.—It will be canvassed in St. Augustine. You will be hauled over the coals at Green Bay.—The *Chinese* will examine into it. An editor, if a bad man, is a sort of basilisk. He lies in your path, as different a thing from another man, as a rattlesnake from a hoop.—He has a sting! *Beware of him!*

Again, your editor expects to become possessed of commodities by a short-hand cut.—He goes, of course every where free of expense. He walks himself, with an air, into museums, theatres, zoological-gardens, concerts, lecture-rooms and dioramas. The door-keepers, are all afraid him. They may brush by him, in his incognito, with their ordinary carelessness;—but, when they find out who he is, it is like coming upon an emperor in disguise! It is a bowing Mahometant astounded at finding that the fellow who has been wranging with him, is no other than Haroun Al Raschid, the commander of the faithful.

We have hinted, that an editor does not particularly like paying for things! If he must pay, he wishes you to know who he is, that you can judge whether or not it is for your interest to let him have the article a shade or so cheaper. If you understand him you will be cautious not to press him for a high price. You had better give it him freely, for little or nothing. Indeed, presenting it to him, out and out, would do no harm—You are, perhaps, one of those literal people who never look beyond their noses? You cannot let the thing go for less than the fixed price! Unhappy tradesman!—short-sighted hunter after wealth! Rash, ignorant, mistaken man! Knowest thou what it is thou dost? Beneath that old hat works the fountain of a million of people's opinions. That brow although irradiated by no visible hale, gives law to the public. That hand, its necromantic virtue hidden from thine eyes, transcribes, each passing day, the thoughts, and sways the actions of twenty hundred times the number of all thy friends and customers. If thou could'st please all thy patrons with a few shillings, would'st thou not? What handsful of silver dollars dost thou yearly bestow in the shape of bills for advertisements! And yet now, dost thou haggle and peddle and hum and haw, and offend him, the arch magician of those pages into which thou givest gold to write thy foolish name? Out on thee! thou art a ruined man. Wouldst thou have the whole habitable globe against thee? Wouldst thou be sneered at by the square mile? Wouldst thou be looked coldly on by whole states and nations? Wouldst thou have populous cities know thee only to avoid thee and thy commodities!—Whither wilt thou fly from the displeasure of an editor? Thou must set up thy shop beyond the limits of thy country's language! Thou must get to Asia. Off with thee to Thibet or Kamscatka. Tramp. By Mercury! thou art as good as annihilated—unless, indeed, thou makest a present to the editor of the article in question. Ah, there is a chance for thee!—Despatch one of thy underlings. Counsel him as to his bearing—Let him hasten to the editor's throne. Bid him be respectful and obsequious, hat in hand, head bent knees crooked eyes lifted reverently, and let him say, thou hadst not the remotest inkling of an idea *who he was*, or thou should have 'begged his acceptance,' etc. etc.

Editors are certainly the potentates of the age. The world are afraid of them. Courts and camps handle them as a boy would a *bee!* No one of them ever bearded Mrs. Butler; and, when the last trump shall have sounded the end of all things, if there should be any noise subsequently, it will be the indignant, irrepressible cry of some one of the fraternity against that charming actress and gifted lady.

An editor is dangerous, because he is not himself merely, but he is the embodied token, the essence, the tangible representative, of you know not how many thousand other people.—If you strike him you strike innumerable families. If you pull his nose, you have pulled a hundred thousand noses, women's and children's included. You have not only pulled the noses of his subscribers, but of his readers and admirers.

To resume the first branch of our subject, puffery. It has grown into a business. It has its incomings, like commerce. It is an innumerable series of experiments and speculations. It is a tactic contract between the *puffer* and the *puffee*, to the effect, that the former will puff the thing, if the latter will present the thing puffed. Watch the newspapers, and observe how they squint that way. An editor wants a pair of boots. Mark, now, the proceedings. Behold the experimental paragraphs:

'Mr. Wiggins, No. 50 Bowery, makes the most uncommonly admirable boots of any man in town. Other boots are good, but those made by Mr. Wiggins are peculiarly excellent—perfectly brilliant! We learn that he has discovered a new way of preparing leather, so that it wears three times longer than that in common use. Mr. Wiggins' boots absolutely last a man his life time. There is really no *wear out* to them.,

Under these circumstances, what will Mr. Wiggins do? What can Mr. Wiggins do?—Mr. Wiggins is fairly penned into a corner.—There is but one way out. It is irresistible—inevitable. Mr. Wiggins is not constructed of stone, or any other impenetrable material. He is flesh and blood. His friends congratulate him. He smiles and simpers across the counter. Strangers come in, and ask 'if this is Mr. Wiggins' shop!!!' saying, that they have seen 'an article,' etc., and want a pair of those boots!

Of course, Mr. Editor finds on his table the next day a note.

MY DEAR SIR:—Although I have not the honor of your personal acquaintance, yet I take the liberty of addressing you on a subject which lies near my heart. The liberal and handsome notice taken by you of my boots, commands my thanks.—I beg, sir, that you will call at my shop and accept a pair of the best my shelves can supply. I am, my dear sir, very gratefully and respectfully, your obedient humble servant,

RICHARD P. WIGGINS,
Boot and shoe maker, No. 50 Bowery, Opposite the—— Church.

But this does not end here. Mr. Higgins, who keeps the shop opposite to Mr. Wiggins, has an eye upon matters and things, and says he can see through a mill-stone, with a hole in it as well as any other man. He observes what is going on. He hates Wiggins as he does the very old Satan. They are rivals of twenty years standing, and if there is any thing on earth he despises more than Mr. Wiggins himself, it is Mr. Wiggins' boots! Mr. Higgins reads the paper. He had been a subscriber to it since the first number. He beholds the *puff* upon Mr. Wiggins, and his heart turns itself like a snake with jealousy. He rumes all the morning; swears, blows his nose, talks of 'stopping his paper!' scowls at Wiggins through the window, and contemplates a thousand devices of vengeance as he sees people crowding in to buy the boots with 'no wear out to them,' while his own doors are scarcely darkened by a shadow from morn till night. At length he swallows his wrath, and bethinks him of what had best be done. Mr. Higgins is no fool, as we have hinted. To go over and pull Mr. Wiggins' nose because he has been puffed in the paper, would be very pleasant, but it would make the boots, 'with the no wear out to them,' more talked about and inquired for than ever. In short, should he, Mr. Higgins, pull his, Mr. Wiggins' nose, he felt assured that it would be the very thing of all others that Mr. Wiggins would like. It would sell his boots like wildfire. It would give him an action for damages. It would make his fortune. No, no. Mr. Higgins knows a trick worth two of that. The next morning, the editor who, for first time, mounted the new boots, sits in his office and receives the following note:

MR. EDITOR—I have been a subscriber to your paper for ten years, and am one of its most constant readers and grateful admirers. You have also had my advertising patronage. I lately opened a boot and shoe store in the Bowery. My goods are unequalled by any on earth. Will you oblige me by calling and allowing me to fit you with a pair. I wish you *to try them*. Do me the favor also to bring Mrs.——, your lady, and your children.—Nothing would give me more pleasure than to present your family with a specimen of my new way of making boots, shoes, overshoes, slippers, etc. etc. etc. which have been pronounced, by competent judes, to exceed every thing ever heard of.—

Your obedient servant,
PETER B. HIGGINS,
49 Bowery, sign of the colossal boot.

It is now the editor's turn to cogitate.—He is in a measure pledged to Mr. Wiggins. But then Mr. Higgins offers to supply not only himself, but his wife, little Bob, Dick, and Sarah Ann. He sends his family. They come home delighted. Boots, shoes, slippers, overshoes, bless us! there has never been such an universal ought before, and such awful struts, too! Even little Dick has a little pair of little overshoes. Mr. Peter B. Higgins, the next morning looks over the paper, and laughs outright. It is glorious.

'Mr. Peter B. Higgins' Boot Store, 49 Bowery. We have been really delighted with a stroll which we casually (casually!) took the other day through this gentleman's admirable boot and shoe store.—For neatness of workmanship, excellence of materials, closeness of fit grace, ease elegance and general beauty, the shoes and boots of Peter B. Higgens have never we fearlessly and disinterestedly assert, never been surpassed. Nay, it is but justice to say, that they have never been equalled.—Crowds of eager buyers are every day at his counter, from the sturdy alderman who walks heavily with the gout, to the slender belle, and the light and careless child; all are highly gratified, all well fitted, all go home wondering at the extraordinary perfection to which lately this art of clothing the ends of the neither extremities have been obviously carried. While Greece boasts her useless parade of sculpture, and Italy dazzles the world with rare images of the pencil, let republican America pride herself on the useful and substantial arts which really add to the happiness of mankind, and instead of a Praxiteles or a Raphael, boasts of a Higgins, who, beneath the star-spangled banner of our infant country, has carried boot-making to its ultimate point of excellence and perfection. We strongly commend public attention to Mr. Higgins' elegant boot establishment, as an institution which must not only delight every philosophic beholder, but where the cheapest and best boots in the city are to be had ready-made, of all sizes, and of a durability and elegance which no boot maker in this city has ever approached.'

Imagine the sensations of Mr. Higgins!—Imagine those also of Mr. Wiggins!

From the Hartford Times.

Many anecdotes respecting what took place during the Revolutionary War, have been published in some of our newspapers within a few years past. I recollect one headed "the funeral of Major John Andre," but it partook more of fiction than of any thing that actually occurred at his funeral.

It must be well known to you and the public generally, that Major Andre was taken, tried, condemned and executed, as a spy from the British army, at that time stationed in N. York, October 2d, 1780. I was at that time an artificer in Colonel Jeduthan Baldwin's regiment, a part of which was stationed within a short distance of the spot where Andre suffered. One of our men (I believe his name was Armstrong) being one of the oldest and best workmen at his trade in the regiment, was selected to make his coffin, which he performed, and painted black,—agreeably to the custom of those times.

At this time Andre was confined in what was called a Dutch church, a small stone building, with only one door, and closely guarded by six sentinels. When the hour appointed for his execution arrived, which I believe was 2 o'clock, P. M., a guard of three hundred men was paraded at the place of his confinement. A kind of procession was then formed by placing the guard in single file on each side of the road.—In front were a large number of American officers of high rank, on horseback; these were followed by the wagon containing Andre's coffin—then a large number of officers on foot, with Andre in their midst. The procession moved slowly up a moderately rising hill, I should think about a fourth of a mile to the west. On the top was a field without any inclosure; in this was a very high gallows, made by setting up two poles or crotches, laying a pole on the top. The wagon that contained the coffin was drawn directly under the gallows.—In a short time Andre stepped into the hind end of the wagon—then on his coffin—took off his hat and laid it down—then placed his hands upon his hips, and walked very uprightly back and forth, as far as the length of his coffin would permit, at the same time casting his eyes upon the pole over his head and the whole scenery by which he was surrounded. He was dressed in what I should call a complete British uniform; his coat was of the brightest scarlet, faced or trimmed with a most beautiful green; his under clothes, or vest and breeches, were a bright buff, very similar to those worn by military officers in Connecticut at the present day; he had a long and beautiful head of hair, which agreeably to the fashion was wound with black ribbon and hung down his back. All eyes were upon him, and it is not believed that any officer in the British army, placed in his situation, would have appeared better than this unfortunate man.

Not many minutes after he took his stand upon the coffin, the executioner stepped into the wagon with a halter in his hand, on one end of which was what the soldiers of those days called a hangman's knot, which he attempted to put over the head and around the neck of Andre, but by a sudden movement of his hand this was prevented. Andre then took off the handkerchief from his neck, unpinned his shirt collar and deliberately took the end of the halter, put it over his head, and placed the knot directly under his right ear, and drew it very snugly to his neck; he then took from his coat pocket a handkerchief and tied it over his eyes. This done, the officer that commanded (his name I have forgotten) spoke in rather a loud voice, and said that his arms must be tied. Andre at once pulled down the handkerchief he had just tied over his eyes, and drew from his pocket a second one, and gave it to the executioner, and then replaced his handkerchief. His arms were tied just above the elbows, and behind his back; the rope was then made fast to the pole overhead. The wagon was very suddenly drawn from under the gallows, which, together with the length of the rope, gave him a most tremendous swing back and forth, but in a few minutes he hung entirely still. During the whole transaction he appeared to be as little daunted as Mr. John Rogers, when he was about to be burnt at the stake; but his countenance was rather pale. He remained hanging, I should think, from 20 to 30 minutes, and during that time the chambers of death were never stiller than the multitude by which he was surrounded. Orders were given to cut the rope and take him down without letting him fall; this was done, and his body was carefully laid on the ground. Shortly after, the guard was withdrawn, and spectators were permitted to come forward and view the corpse, but the crowd was so great that it was some time before I could get an opportunity.

When I was able to do this, his coat, vest and breeches were taken off and his body laid in the coffin, covered by some under clothes—the top of the coffin was not put on. I viewed the corpse more carefully than ever I had done that of any human being before. His head was very much on one side, in consequence of the manner in which the halter drew upon his neck. His face appeared to be greatly swollen and very black, much resembling a high degree of mortification; it was indeed a shocking sight to behold. There were at this time standing at the foot of the coffin two young men of uncommonly short stature—I should think not more than four feet high. Their dress was the most gaudy that I ever beheld, one of them had the clothes just taken from Andre hanging on his arm—I took particular pains to learn who they were, and was informed that they were his servants, sent up from New York to take care of his clothes, but what other business I did not learn.

I now turned to take a view of the executioner, who was still standing by one of the posts of the gallows. I walked nigh enough to him to have laid my hand upon his shoulder, and looked him directly in the face. He appeared to be about twenty-five years of age—his beard of two or three week's growth, and his whole face coveredy with what appeared to be blacking taken from the outside of a greasy pot. A more frightful looking being I never beheld—his whole countenance bespoke him to be a fit instrument for the business he had been doing.—Wishing to see the closing of the whole business I remained upon the spot until scarce twenty persons were left, but the coffin was still beside the grave, which had previously been dug. I now returned to my tent, with my mind deeply imbued with the shocking scene I had been called to witness.

Mr. Editor, I was an eye witness to the whole of the circumstances related above; and should you thing it worthy publishing in your paper, you will please to act accordingly.

From Lt. Smyth's Journey from Lima to Para, S. A.

Indian Superstion. We are informed that a whimsical superstitious custom prevails, when a man is abolged to make a distant journey, and cannot take his wife with him. In order to ascertain her constancy during his absence, he places a quantity of a certain grass in a hole in the rock—unknown, of course, to the lady—when he sets out; and if, on his return he finds it withered, the delinquency of the wife is considered as proved, and she is severely chastised. One of these curious tests of conjugal fidelity was pointed out to us.

Diet. Monkeys seem to be the principal article of their animal food, great numbers of which we saw hanging up dried in most of the houses—and they formed no inconsiderable portion of our food till we reached Sarayacu. We at first felt some repugnance to this diet,—but habit and necessity got the better of it, and when accustomed to the meat, we found it by no means disagreeable.

Curious Web. We saw here a gigantic spider's web suspended to the trees—it was about twenty-five feet in height, and near fifty in length—the threads were very strong, and it had the empty sloughs of thousands of insects hanging in it. It appears to be the habitation of a great number of spiders of a larger size than we ever saw in England.

Indian Astronomy. Their notion of an eclipse has a curious similarity to that of the Chinese; when the sun is covered by the moon's disk, they suppose him to be struggling with some savage beast, and shout to encourage him, and make all the noise they can, with the view of frightening his antagonist, and discharge burning arrows towards him. When the eclipse is over, the usual course of drinking and dancing begins, and is kept up the remainder of the day and the following night.

The appearance of the new moon is hailed with great joy; they make long addresses to her, imploring her protection, and that she will be so good as to invigorate their bodies. During these harangues they throw themselves into a variety of attitudes and vehement gesticulations.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

Paris, July 12, 1836.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT

MARTIN VAN BUREN, *of N. York.*

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

RICHARD M. JOHNSON, *of Kentucky.*

NOTICE. Our friends who are indebted to us for the Democrat for more than one year, are respectfully requested to settle the same. Our Advertising friends whose accounts are of more than three months standing would confer a favor by advancing the rhino.

In the passage of the Bill for the distribution of the Surplus revenue, there are something worthy of a passing notice. The opposition to the present administration were in its favor to a man, and the opposition press is loud in its exultations. The friends of a high Tariff have triumphed in its passage, and are now fondly flattering themselves that they have thus acquired a new lease of power. These facts of themselves are not very favorable to the character of the Bill, and we hope that the result will not verify our forebodings of evil likely to follow this first attempt to make the States pensioners upon the bounty of the General Government. The speculating imagination of the federal party in this State has already planned the expenditure of the share which which will fall to us. Do what they will with it, we doubt whether Oxford will be enriched thereby. We believe that there is virtue enough in the people to resist the temptation of being bribed with their own money, and energy enough to protect their own property from the rapacity of those who are interested in keeping up a high tariff.

At the Democratic Convention for the County of Kennebec, held at Augusta on the 4th of July, the following nominations were made, viz.—

For Senators. Hon. Alfred Pierce of Greene, Joseph Stewart of China. and Alpheus Lyon of Waterville.

For County Treasurer. Joseph Gage, Esq. of East Monmouth.

For Register of Deeds. Benjamin Wales, Esq. of Hallowell.

For Elector. Hon. Reuel Williams of Augusta.

At the Waldo District Convention held at Knox on the 30th of June last, Gen Alfred Marshall of China, was nominated for member of Congress from that District.

We have received the first number of the Maine Monthly Magazine, Published at Portland & Bangor, and edited by Charles Gilman.

From this specimen we think the work will attain its object in being "worthy of support" and "creditable to the State. Those who wish to subscribe may examine the present number at our office.

FOR THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

SOMETHING NEW!

Mr. Editor: As the currency question very much engages the public mind at present, I would ask the indulgence, through your paper, of suggesting a few scattering thoughts.—I am induced to make the following remarks, for this reason:—I lately read from a "Whig paper" that 'gold was altogether unfit for currency,' some reasons were given why it was so; among them the following,—That business men would realize a greater inconvenience in carrying gold from place to place, than they would paper, to the same value:—that gold was more needed for other purposes:—that gold was so precious, that "Old Maids, Misers, and Fools, would hide it away in old stockings, wallets, nooks, corners and holes, so that it would not be a part of the available funds of the country." &c. This, I consider as something new. For as far as I am acquainted with the history of the nations of the earth, both ancient and modern, a different opinion has prevailed. In the days of the wise King of the Jews, we are told, "Solomon made gold as plenty in Jerusalem as the dust in the streets, and silver was nothing accounted of in Solomon's days," and though it was used for other purposes, we cannot suppose it was deemed unfit for currency—in fact payments were often made by weighing the prices of articles in gold. At the present day, there are nations, with which we have commercial intercourse, who much prefer gold, and nothing less valuable than silver is taken in exchange for their merchandize. The nations of Europe have learned much in this respect, within the last sixty years. France, for instance, had her paper currency when Napoleon came into power, but he found it altogether inadequate in carrying on his vast concerns, and at a blow he demolished the whole fabric, substituting a metallic currency for all sums less than five hundred francs (about $93, 00) and although the government of France has undergone great changes in many respects, in this it remains the same. The experience of England, too, might learn us something, (if we are not too wise to learn.) England once had a paper currency, even down to sixpences, the evil was not realized immediately, but in time, there was a discount on paper. In 1787 there had got to be a discount of 40 per cent on paper. Some of her greatest politicians saw that the evil grew out of a use of small bills for currency. They attempted a reform, and finally succeeded. A party came up, as is the case at present in this country, and talked very wisely and loudly in favor of small paper, affirming that there was not, in reality, a discount on paper, but that gold and silver had risen in price, because it was scarce, that it was impossible to obtain it, to supply all purposes less than 5£ sterling, or even 1£. The policy of these wiseacres, however, did not succeed, small bills were suppressed—gold and silver appeared to fill the vacuum, and may still be found in England, even to this day. But, say the "rag money folks,"—'Those nations whose exports are more than their imports can easily do this, it follows of course, and they cannot help it; but not so with us, we import annually more than we export, and must of course pay the balance in specie.' There is indeed a degree of plausibility in such reasoning, and many seem to think this an unanswerable objection to any attempt at reform; but let us look at it a moment. The time has not been for centuries, when the imports of England exceeded her exports, and yet, we find in the last century, gold and silver coins were "like angel's visits, few and far between," not because her imports were more than her exports, but simply because paper was substituted for specie, and being less valuable, the specie of course disappeared.—France was not in a state of peace and prosperity, when Napoleon made a currency reform, but on the other hand was engaged in great and bloody wars; had need of her resources to her last franc; her commerce annoyed by all the neighboring powers, and nearly destroyed; yet the reform was easily effected, and may be in this country if we say so. As to the difficulty of conveying specie about the country, I would say that I have never seen an old decrepid, rheumatic man, who became so, by lugging hard money, nor an old horse the worse for wear by hauling specie. But I have seen many a man mourning his loss in counterfeit bills, broken banks, &c. And many a horse hard driven to get to the bank in season to pay in a check.—Suppose "Old Maids, Misers, old fools" should, and do, lay away gold against a time of need, yea, suppose every person in the country, lay away gold according to their ability, still I contend it is a part of the available funds of the country. No person will suffer for the necessaries of life, nor see their friends starve, while they have the means, and best of means too, to obtain a supply. Therefore the gold, thus laid away, will come up to the help of its owner at a time when most needed, and is, in the highest sense of the word, among the available funds of the country.—In relation to gold coin it is said "the people do not know its value." I am aware, that in this respect, "gross darkness covers the people." and the banking monopoly rejoice that it is so; but it will not long remain so—the people of this country are as intelligent and capable of learning, as in any country, and the time is at hand 'when they shall all know it, from the least to the greatest." One more objection, "gold goes by weight, a man must have money scales with him, at all times, in order to receive or pay it." This too, is generally believed, and would be necessary, if it were in bullion, or dust, but it is coined very easily, and the banks in this State, or some of them I know, do not weigh it, either in buying or selling it. It is said, that "gold wears faster than any other metal, and will loose in using, at least, six per cent, annually," but let any person try the experiment, put a quantity of gold and silver into a bag, and throw it on a horse's back if he pleases, and carry it 500 miles, it will be found by weighing it again, that the gold is a little heavier, the silver having worn the most and adhered to the gold. I may perhaps hereafter, should I have opportunity, say something on Banking, Surplus Revenue, &c., but must close my present remarks, by saying,—Let the people be alive to their true interests,—our State and National elections are at hand. Let our Representatives, Senators, Governor, and President be hard money men, and let banks, if they must exist at all, be the servants of the people, and not their lords. C.

We are requested to state that the cases of Small Pox said to have recently existed in Norway Village, (and thereby having occasioned considerable alarm in the vicinity) have all proved to be false, and that there is now no *cause of alarm* upon the subject.

THE DEPOSITE BILL AND BANKS.

We copy from the Globe the two following important articles relative to the Deposite Bill and the Deposite Banks, agreeable to a promise made in our last number. Col. Parks' Speech upon the same question is also given, and to all these articles we would direct special attention.

The deposite bill has been approved by the President. The most important feature in this act is that which makes the several States the depositories of all the public moneys which may be in the Treasury on the first of January next, over the sum of five millions of dollars, on their passing laws, pledging the faith of the States respectively to pay the warrants of the Treasury in the manner prescribed. By an amendment introduced by an overwhelming majority of the House of Representatives, all the features of the bill which went to make the proposed transfer of the money to the States a loan or gift, were struck out, and as the act now stands, they are to be mere depositories, like the banks in which the public moneys are now kept.

We hazard nothing in saying that had the bill passed as it went from the Senate, as anxious as the President was to see the public deposites regulated by law, and as painful as it would have been to separate on any subject from many of his most valued friends it would have received his decisive veto. We have been surprised that any one who has read his annual message of 1829, and his veto messages on the Maysville road bill, and Mr. Clay's land bill, would for a moment anticipate any other result.

We are equally warranted in saying that the President has approved the amended bill, not because he thinks it judicious to make the States the depositories of the moneys of the United States, but because the plan is not obnoxious to constitutional objections; because it has been presented by a majority of the peoples representatives, to whom the question of expediency on this subject peculiarly belongs; and because, by settling the question in relation to the public deposites, it disarms faction, and renders it more difficult for the money power to reorganize itself under the charter of a new national bank.

He thinks it impolitic and unsafe to mix up the affairs of the United States with those of the several States, and that the chances of perpetuity for our admirable system of Government are increased in proportion to the clearness with which the lines which separate their several powers, duties and interests, are defined and maintained. It is probable he will take some fitting occasion to make known to his countrymen, in detail, the views he entertains on this vital subject. It is only necessary now that they should know, that in approving the deposite bill he does not intend to countenance, in the least degree, the idea of raising money by the General Government for distribution among the States, thus lessening the responsibility of the State Governments in taxing the people, and at the same time encouraging extravagant expenditures; making the States, instead of independent sovereignties, the mere stipendaries of the General Government; perverting the power of taxation given in the constitution to purposes never thought of by its framers; corrupting the sources of legislation; tending to consolidation; and ultimately destroying all that is pure and valuable in the structure and administration of our political system.

The President believes that it is bad policy, as well as unconstitutional, to raise money from the people for the purpose of distributing it among the States. He believes that when the revenues of the General Government shall produce more than enough to supply its legitimate wants, it is the duty of Congress forthwith to reduce the taxes upon the people. To collect for the purposes of distribution, is neither politic nor economical. It is not politic, because it necessarily increases the corps of public officers, and consequently the influence of the Government. It is not economical, because the people have to pay the salaries of those who manage the process and guaranty their integrity.—Is it not better that the farmer's dollar should be left in his own pocket, than that it should be taken out by taxes, direct or indirect, and, after a year's detention, be handed back to him or his State Legislature, with a deduction of twenty cents to pay collectors and clerks who have been employed to take it away and bring it back? The same principles apply to all classes of society and to society itself, with the exception of those only who profit by high taxes.

Such, we are warranted in saying, are the views of the President in relation to this interesting subject.

Deposite Banks. We consider it a favorable circumstance for the administration, and especially the Treasury Department, that the recent bill, regulating the deposite banks, though very imperfect and objectionable in some of its features, and highly questionable in its policy in regard to its probable effects on the community at large, has become a law.

1. The wanton misrepresentations, assuming that the surplus money was hoarded or locked up from circulation, must now cease.

2. The opposition calumny, asserting that the surplus under the control of the administration was diverted into the channels of political corruption, will no longer have so much as 'the baseless fabric of a vision' to rest on.

3. The stale slang, that the deposite banks are selected without legal authority; changeable for mere party purposes; dependent on the caprice or favor of the Executive, can no more be repeated at the corner of every stock-jobbing street, and from every Federal house top.

4. The enormous and alarming phantom of the dominion of the Chief Magistrate and the Secretary of the Treasury over the purse at least, if not the sword—the horrible dangers to our liberties from the safe keeping and prompt disbursement of the public money, as Congress from time to time direct, have disappeared with the other *Gorgons hydras, and chimeras dire,* of a profligate opposition.

5. The groundless charges, that political favorites of the administration were using the public money without performing adequate public services or paying any interest in return, and that the friends of General Jackson were fattening on the spoils, must now vanish.

6. The people—the real people—not combinations of speculating politicians and selfish corporations, will now see whether their substantial interests are made any more secure, and the great institutions and objects of the General Government any better promoted, and the harmonious action of the States will in any degree be strengthened or advanced, by the new, and we fear hazardous experiment, in our political system, which is attempted by the temporary disposal of the surplus.

We will assuredly hope the best results from it to the country as well as the administration and will strive to promote them; but we dread the worst from the struggle which will be made to convert the deposite into a distribution bill.—We will labor to defeat all innovation upon the present happy relation between the Federal and State Governments—to maintain the equilibrium founded on their concurrent taxing power, and independent Treasuries—and to suppress the introduction of any new principle which may tend to make the legislation of Congress a legislation for the States, as departments of a consolidated Government, instead of sovereignties competent to provide for their own wants, so far as concerns a provision for their internal interest.

REMARKS OF MR. PARKS,

OF MAINE.

In the House of Representatives, June 22, 1836.

On the bill regulating the deposites, a part of which provides for the distribution of the public money among the States, and on the amendment of the same providing that the State treasuries should be the depositories of the public money.

Mr. Speaker: I am well aware of the determination of this House to pass the bill now before us, of its anxiety to do so immediately, and its unwillingness to listen to any remarks upon the subject. But, sir, as I intend to vote against this bill whether amended as proposed or not, it is a duty I owe to *myself* as well as to my constituents to give, in a very succinct manner, some of the reasons which impel me to do so. I am well aware, sir, that I have no right to expect the attention of this House, indisposed as it is to listen to gentlemen far more able than myself, from any power of arguments that I can offer, or from ingenuity of arrangement, or for any eloquence of manner with which I can enforce them; I can only hope for it, sir, from that kind courtesy which this House is ever willing to extend to one who seldom obtrudes his views upon them, and never long.

And, sir, in the first place, I beg leave to extend my thanks to the honorable gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Vinton) for the frankness with which he has spoken of this bill by what I conceive ought to be its title. In his remarks he observed he would speak of it 'as every body here understands it, 'as a donation to the States.' That it is so in truth and reality, is one of the reasons why I shall vote against it.

Sir, I deny the right of this Federal Government to raise money from the people, either by taxation or otherwise, to be distributed among and given to the several States of this Union. I ask any one to lay his hand on the constitution, and point out this power—you will look in vain for it. Sir, it is not in the book, nor do I know that any one pretends that it exists.—Gentlemen say, however, that by the operation of this bill and the amendment about to be adopted, no such thing as a donation to the States takes place, but that the treasuries of the several States are merely made depositories for the safe-keeping of the public moneys, in the same manner that certain local banks now are.—This, sir, would be true, provided it was intended or expected that the treasuries of the several States should ever be called upon to repay this money. Sir, every one within the hearing of my voice, knows that such is not the expectation of a single member of this House who will vote for the bill, however different the final result may be. Do we not all know, if the present feeling of this House should be transmitted to future Congresses, that the first movement of the Secretary of the Treasury to call back a single cent of this miscalled deposite, would be prohibited by a large majority of both Houses of Congress? Can any man doubt that this would be the result? Let us, sir, look to the days of the confederation, and remember with what difficulty money sufficient to support the Government of the then existing Congress was obtained from the States. When the requisitions were made, some would complain that their share of the general fund to be raised was too much; others would plead poverty, and agree to pay a part; others asked for time, and some, I believe, refused to pay at any rate. I believe, sir, that to this very day large sums of money are due, and unpaid, of the sums called for by the Continental Congress: and what are we now about to do, but to resort to that very system, in theory, to avoid the evils of which, the Constitution of the United States was formed? Sir, in my view of the case, it would be better, when we have too much money on hand, to reduce the tariff, to relieve the hard-working people of this country from taxation, than thus to distribute it to the several States, to be expended by their Legislatures, a measure which I believe will be like Pandora's box—but the mother of evils.

Mr. Speaker, a growing spirit of extravagance and speculation is pervading our whole country. Every man is seeking to live in some other manner, than by the honest labor of his own hands. This spirit of speculation, if report speaks truly, has made rapid progress within these walls. The moment this money shall have been distributed, this spirit will fly to the council chambers of every State, and their legislative halls will exhibit such scenes of strife and contest as to who, and what sections of the States shall obtain most of the public plunder, wrung, every cent of it, in some way or other, from the producing portions of the community, as I, for one, dread to look upon. But further, sir, the natural consequence and tendency of all this, is to corrupt the people themselves. Its tendency will be to induce thousands to quit their happy, peaceful, and prosperous, though laborious avocations, to live and gorge on public plunder. If corruption heretofore has existed in high places, it has been confined to high places, and the people of the country have ever had the power, as they have always heretofore had the disposition, when discovered, to expel it. We ought always, sir, to remember that the truest maxim in political economy is to take no more money from the pockets of the people, than is absolutely necessary for a safe and healthy administration of the General Government. By this bill, not content with overlooking that maxim ourselves, we are about to tempt every State Government to do the same. This large sum of money thus suddenly thrown into the Treasuries of the States, to be disposed of by their legislatures will induce them to commence great and expensive works of internal improvement, which, when this money is exhausted, will be left in an incomplete and unfinished state, and heavy direct taxes will have to be laid upon the people of the several States to complete them, or they will apply to Congress for more money through their representatives.

Sir, the Treasury of the Union may not always be in as plethoric a state as it is now;—and how, sir, will the deficiency be supplied? *By an increase of the tariff, sir the tariff.*—And are the people of Maine prepared for this? Are the constituents of gentlemen from the south prepared for this. And to this complexion, if this system goes on, we must come at last. As I have before observed, many of the State Legislatures will be encouraged to launch forth upon internal improvements, which they will want money to complete; having got the taste of the public blood, they will not be satisfied with the first debauch; they will clamor for more; and the moment they find the public Treasury exhausted, they will demand that it shall be replenished from the pockets of the people by an increase of the tariff of duties, and in this they will be most willingly aided by the representatives of our venerable mother, Massachusetts, and by every manufacturer in this country. Do the gentlemen from South Carolina flatter themselves that their boasted compromise will save them? Let me tell those gentlemen that they will find it but a rope of sand, broken by the first blow of self-interest, and that blow given as soon as she will dare to do it.

In this manner, sir, taxes will be raised from the people by the Congress of the United States, to be expended under the direction of the State Legislatures, which those Legislatures would, under no circumstances, dare to raise themselves.

Having said thus much, Mr. Speaker, as to the operation of the bill upon the Union generally, permit me, sir, to make a few remarks upon my own State, and the seaboard and commercial States

Maine, a part of which I have the honor to represent, is from necessity an extensive commercial State. The coldness of her climate, the great abundance of her ship-timber, and the sterility of her soil upon her seacoast, compel her to be so, and well has she fulfilled her destiny. Though among the smaller States of this Union, she has for many years been the third State in the Union as an owner of tonnage.—Her canvass whitens every sea, her ships are borne onward by every breeze. We are, moreover, from our local situation, more exposed in our persons and property to the contingencies of war than any of the other States of the Union.

We are united to the rest of the Union but by a line of one hundred and thirty miles in extent, while we have a frontier on the British provinces of Lower Canada and New Brunswick, and on the ocean, of more than a thousand miles. As a member of the Union, thus remotely situated, and dangerously exposed, and thinly populated, but with more good harbors than in any State of the Union, I might almost say than in the whole Union besides, it might naturally have been expected that she would have been most especially the subject of the protection and regard of General Government. How has it been? Let any member on this floor pass along our seaboard and our frontier, and his cheeks would mantle with shame at her neglected and exposed situation. There is not a city a town; or a village upon any part of her coast or rivers, but might be laid in ashes by the very smallest vessel of war that floats on the ocean. She seems to have been accepted as a member of the Union but to be insulted, and abused and neglected.—Does a foreign enemy take possession of a part of the State, you quietly permit them to remain there till the war is over. Do you want to make a peace with a foreign power with whom you are at war, you quietly cede to her a portion of our territory, under pretence that the line in dispute, when that same power, the same negociations, had demanded a cession of that very territory, thus acknowledging our title as we claimed it, and indeed as they had marked it upon every map of their adjacent provinces they had ever made. Our commerce is trammelled by an odious and oppressive tariff, and our seacoast, the most extensive, I believe, of any State in the Union, is left without protection or defence. Truly may I say, sir, we seem to have been received into the Union only to be derided and oppressed.

And what sir, is to be our situation under the new state of things to commence with the passage of this bill? One evil, as I think I have fully demonstrated, is an eventual increase of the tariff, which will lay the axe at the root of our prosperity. Our navy, too, to which we might have looked for some protection in time of war, will no longer be increased. Our fortifications are to be stopped, or rather, as far as regards my own States, *not commenced.*—At the very moment when for the first time we had engaged the attention of Congress, and when a bill providing for our defence had already passed the Senate, then comes this biting, chilling frost, and freezing up our hopes. But a few days since I was flattering myself with being able to return to the city of my home, and say to my fellow-citizens you are no longer overlooked and neglected by the General Government: a bill has passed for your defence and protection; but, sir, I no longer cherish such delusive hopes. No one who was present when the news came to this House that this bill had passed another body in the other end of this Capitol (the Senate) and witnessed the effect produced upon members here, can doubt the result.

Sir, it is well known, that there is a settled determination on the part of a great majority of the members west of the Alleghany mountains to grant no more money for the defence of the Atlantic frontier, either by the navy or by fortifications. Settled in the fertile valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi, with every blessing about them which heaven can bestow, they apparently care but little for the safety and protection of their brethren upon the rocky and sterile seaboard, knowing full that the war cry of the enemy can never reach their ears, until the whole country east of the mountains shall have been covered and fertilized by the blood and bodies of their countrymen. And this, sir, is to be done for the sake of sharing among the States, the money which ought to have been applied to far more noble and generous purposes. How far this is the spirit of patriotism let the people judge. I hope, sir I shall prove to be mistaken in my expectations: experience alone can teach me that I am so.

I confess, sir, that I have been astonished, utterly astonished, that any one can be the advocate for, or vote for this bill. I impeach the motives of none who differ from me in this matter. Their reasons for the course they take are good ones, probably, but I cannot imagine them. In Maine, at least, we have nothing to gain, but every thing to lose; our commerce probably to be eventually destroyed by an increasing tariff; our whole coast and frontier left without defence: the navy of our country, which might have protected our ships at sea, to be neglected and suffered to decay, and this too when we know it to be inferior to that of any third rate power in Europe. Sir, it cannot be forgotten, it was during this very session, but a few months since when a war was feared with France, that it was declared over and over again, and contradicted by no one, that our navy was wholly unprepared to cope with that of France; and now national safety, the very first duties and obligations of this Government, the protection and defence of its citizens, are to give way, to be sacrificed to the base, grovelling love of money, and are to remain so sacrificed, until this ruinous, corrupting, and degrading system shall be abandoned. I hope, sir, and I *but hope,* that may be soon the case, and if it ever be so, God grant that it may be so forever.

Mr. Speaker, I thank the House for the attention with which it has listened to me. I am well aware that I have probably not affected a single vote, but I have justified myself, I trust to this House, and to my constituents. At any

rate, Mr. Speaker, I have a higher gratification than either can be to me. I have the consciousness that I am acting right; nor do I believe that there will be any act of my political life, which, in after times I shall reflect on with more pleasure than upon the vote I am now about to give.

DEATH OF JAMES MADISON.

Remarks of Mr. RIVES of Virginia, in the United States Senate on the 20th ult. on moving the appointment of a committee to consider and report by what token of respect Congress should express the deep sensibility of the Nation to the event of the decease of James Madison.

Mr. President: I feel that it would be an act of sacrilegious temerity were I to attempt to add to the intrinsic pathos of the melancholy intelligence just announced to us by the President of the United States, by any thing in the way of eulogy on the character of the great man whose decease he has communicated to us. The eulogy of Mr. Madison is written in every page of his history of his country; to whose service his whole life was devoted, and with every great event in whose annals his name stands conspicuously and enduringly identified. Filled, however, as his life was, from its dawn to its close, with labors of patriotism and superior wisdom, there is one great work of his which must ever recur prominently to the grateful memory of his country. He was, in an especial manner, the founder and author of that glorious Constitution which is the bond of our Union and the charter of our liberties; and it was graciously vouchsafed to him, in the order of Providence, to witness for a longer period than any of his illustrious colleagues, the rich blessings which have resulted from its establishment. He was the last surviving signer of that sacred instrument. Amid the general grief which prevades the nation, may we not indulge one consolation at least, in the hope that his death, whilst adding the last seal to his own fame and glory, will, in some sort, canonize the work of his hands, and surround, with a new veneration, that precious relic of the wisdom of our departed patriots and sages.

But sir, I will not speak of the public life of Mr. Madison; it is known to us all; it is appreciated by us all. It was my privilege to see and to know him in the scenes of that classic retirement in which he passed the evenings of his days. It was there that the mild lustre of his private virtues, which formed the crowning grace of his character, and is the indispensable complement of a true public glory, was seen and felt. But who can paint him there?—Who can adequately describe that fascinating suavity of temper and manners, that spirit and grace of conversation so happily blended with the oracles of philosophy and experience, and amiable and cultivated benevolence, ever watchful of the feelings and comfort of others, even in the minutes trifles, which together formed, around the hearts of Montpelier, a group of social virtues and attractions which however incompetent the powers of language to portray, none who have felt their influence, can ever forget. In speaking of these things, Mr. President, I am but too forcibly reminded of my own personal loss in the general and national calamity which we all bewail. I was the neighbor of Mr. Madison, sir, and enjoyed his kindness and friendship; and if, in speaking of a great national bereavement, my mind recurs too fondly to the chasm his death has left in the immediate circle of his friends, something, I trust, will be pardoned to the feelings of the heart.

It is my melancholy satisfaction to have received, in all probability, the last letter ever signed by his hand. It bears date only six days before his death, and furnishes in its contenants, a striking illustration of that amiable benevolence, and sensibility to the kindness of others, which formed so prominent a trait in his character. In that letter, which is now before me, he spoke of his enfeebled health, and his trembling and unsteady signature, so much in contrast with the usual firmness and regularity of his writing and which bore a graphic and melancholy intimation of his approaching end. Still I trusted that his light might hold out to the 4th of July, that he might be restored on that glorious anniversary to an immortal companionship with those great men and patriots with whom he had been intimately connected in life, and whose coincident deaths, on the birthday of the nation's freedom, had imparted to that day, if possible an additional and mysterious illustration. But it has been ordered otherwise. His career has been closed at an epoch, which, forty-nine years ago, witnessed his most efficient labors in the illustrious assembly which laid the foundations of our present system of government, and will thus, by the remembrance of his death, as well as by the services of his life, more closely associate him with that great work, which is at once the source and guaranty of his country's happiness and glory.

What honors, Mr. President, are there, by which we can do justice to a character which history will hold up to future ages as a model of public and private virtue, not surpassed by the brightest examples in ancient or modern times? Sir, there are none. Still it is proper that, as Representatives of the American People, we should show, by some suitable manifestations, how sincerely and deeply we participate in the universal feeling of grief on this mournful occasion.

☞Some good, pious, generous, annoymous soul has sent $15,000 to the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church, New York with directions to spend $5,000 of it in foreign countries, and the remainder in the Valley of the Mississippi. The whole of it could be profitably used in Gotham, without any danger of rendering the people too moral, we opine.

Boston States.

From the Eastern Argus.

STENOGRAPHIC GLIMPSES OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, June 24.

His Imperial Majesty, Nicholas, Autocrat of all the Rags, made his august appearance in the Capitol to-day, 'as calm as a summer's morning!' There was quite an opour of sulphur that preceded him, which was first conjectured to arise from Dr. Relly's medicated bath, standing in the Rotunda, but finally attributed to his majesty's yellow gloves, buffed with cream of tartar. He is a *devlish* handsome man, any how; and I protest that he has not the slightest appearance of *horns*. I spoke canonically, and not connubially. He produced quite a sensation in the House this morning, though not so great as a mastiff did the other evening when a member from ——— was howling, whom the dog called to order. Nicholas is almost as fat as Napoleon; but he has not to many subjects in this country, I fear, ever to allow him to be deposed. He reigns in the purses of the people, and reigns most triumphantly. I saw him on the floor of the House this morning, under the privilege of Foreign Ambassador, Legislator, Judge, or Governor—I don't know which.—Certainly he is a distinguished personage; and his name is intimately connected with General Jackson's administration and epoch, than that of any man who has acted a part in the political drama of the last seven years. He is the Baron Rothschild of America; and far greater than the Anglo-German nobleman, inasmuch as he has arrayed his wealth and influence against the government of the country. He visited his Janizaries in the Senate to-day, and heard the Aga, Clay, make a speech against the extravagance of the admiuistration.—It was on the Fortification Bill that came up from the House. His majesty seemed highly delighted with the performance; but I think he was somewhat disappointed, as it was expected the Expunging resolutions would come up to-day, and receive their quietus from the Janizaries. I don't think his majesty made any discounts to-day;—I watched him narrowly, and did not once see him go near his *'breeches' pocket!'*

Senate. A good portion of the morning was spent in discussing some private claim for relief against the fraud of some public officer, connected with a sale of public Lands. I don't know the whole of the case, and shall not give the names. The rest of the day till near six o'clock was spent on the Pea-patch. Gen. Wall spoke about two hours in behalf of the heirs of Dr. Gale who claim payment of the government for this property. There is something very sinister about this business. Dr. Gale was in possession of the Island; the government applied to him to purchase ten acres for a fortification site; he asked $10,000; the government thought it too much; they applied to Delaware to cede the jurisdiction of it, and then seized it, and evicted the Doctor. This is a more tyrannical act than Napoleon ever dared to attempt in the height of his power.—When he wished to purchase a site for the place of the King of Rome, a poor cooper had a miserable hovel within the limits of the site which he at first asked a thousand francs for, and afterwards increased his demand from time to time, more than thirty fold. Napoleon said he would not submit to imposition, neither would he take possession of the poor man's property; but let it *remain as a monument of his respect to the law!* The conduct of the slandered despot, is worthy of the imitation of the American Republic. There was a man at Boston, a few years since, who set his own price upon his property, while the Mayor and Aldermen were determined to have it at theirs. He stationed himself on his premises with an axe and threatened to dissect the first man who dared to enter.—He had the law and the constitution with him, and he conquered; he had the price he demanded. Dr. Gale should have done the same. $50,000 have been spent in debate about paying this claim. These things are a scandal and reproach to the government; and ought not to be.

House. The Post Office Bill, as amended by the Senate, with the Pigeon Hole amendment struck out, passed after a little debate. The Pigeon Hole and postage remain in statuo quo—in fact there is no change where change was called for—no change for the present, as I understand. The new Session Bill, commencing the Term in November, passed; and a Resolution has been passed, requiring the unfinished business of both Houses to take precedence on the Calendar at the next session.—This was a measure proposed by Mr. Vinton of Ohio; and I am glad to credit him for it.—The Cumberland Road Bill was debated and I presume passed. REIS EFFENDI.

WASHINGTON, June 30.

Senate. The Fortification Bill has been the main subject before the Senate to-day; and the principal debate has arisen on the items for Arsenals provided for in the thirteen Southern and Western States. They met with a strong opposition, both on the ground of expense, and inexpediency. It had been estimated that they would cost about $90,000 apiece; the gross amount of which is $1,170,000. They are intended to be a depository for the arms already distributed to the States. Mr. Crittenden opposed this appropriation at great length. He thought the States should furnish their own Arsenals, if any were necessary. He thought the arms should be distributed among the people, and the Arsenals be at the seat of Government; that the supernumery arms should be kept where they could most readily be distributed when wanted. Besides the expense of constructing such a number of Arsenals as the Bill proposed, there was another considerable item of expense which would be created to pay officers and men for keeping them. One Arsenal on the Ohio he thought would suffice for all the West. Kentucky, he said would make her own arms, out and out, before any enemy could reach her. Mr. Webster thought a National Foundry and Armories for the manufacture of Arms necessary, but did not see the necessity of so many new Arsenals. The keeping of arms was better under the State authority.—He said they were getting into a new mode of transacting business; the House and Senate were acting simultaneously on the same business, and the end was frequently lost by both.—The House Bill provided for Arsenals in Missouri, Arkansaw, and Tennessee; and their own, for a greater number, which included the same. Mr. Walker said he was peculiarly situated; his Legislature had instructed the delegation to vote to establish a Military Depot on the Tombigbee. Mr. Cuthbert spoke at considerable length in support of the Bill generally; and pointed out the inconsistency in the arguements of the adversaries of the Bill. There is an amendment before the Senate to reduce the appropriation one half, which now stands, about $1,700,000. Mr. Calhoun and Preston and others, go for the reduction, though Mr. C. at one time thought double the amount appropriated last year, $800,000, would not be extravagant. It is doubtful whether this subject is disposed of to-day. There is no end of words. They can despatch business in a short time if they please: for in a few moments they concurred with the House on the District Bank Bill, which prolonged their existence to the 4th of July, 1838. It is said the President will veto it—but this is more then I know or believe, thouth it may be true. The Session Bill passed by the House, providing for the convening of Congress on the first Monday of November, was rejected by the Senate. This is very strange, when it is well known that there is so much business of twenty or twenty-five years' standing, that it can never be transacted unless the Sessions are prolonged.

House. They sat last night till after twelve o'clock debating the appropriations for the Cherokee Treaty; and I should not be surprised if they sat all night to-night. This Treaty met with great opposition in the Senate, and I should not think it strange if they finally refused the appropriations in the House. Great complaints are made of fraud and injustice to the Indians; and the subject seems to be a good one to wield against the administration; though I don't see that this administration have dealt worse by the Indians than its predecessors.—Some object to the appropriation because the amount is large; others object to the treaty because the Indians are cheated; others care but little for the one or the other, but ask how they can turn it to a political advantage. Between them all, the Indians are pretty sure to be the victims, if nothing should be done, and the question be still kept open, and the fulfilment of the treaty deferred. I shall not pretend to decide upon the merits of this particular case; but I have always been an advocate for the removal of the Indians, for I am satisfied they will better their condition by removal, however they may be wronged by losing their present possession.

REIS EFFENDI.

YORK COUNTY CONVENTION.

At the Convention of the Democratic Republicans of this County, holden at Alfred on Monday last, the Hon. Nathan Clifford, was chosen President and Elisha Bodwell and William Hammond Secretaries. The following persons were nominated as candidates to be supported by the Democratic party at the ensuing election:—

For member of Congress—John Fairfield of Saco.

For Senators—Stephen Woodman, Jr. of Buxton, Levi J Ham of Newfield, and Samuel Mildram of Wells.

For Register of Deeds—Benjamin J. Herrick of Alfred.

For County Treasurer—Elder Samuel Burbank.

For elector of President and Vice President—Sheldon Hobbs of North Berwick.

Every town in the County was represented in the Convention, and we understand that a good degree of unanimity prevailed throughout. The candidates nominated we have every reason to believe will receive the cheerful and united support of the party. We have no time for further comments at present. The proceedings of the Convention at length will be inserted next week.—Saco Democrat.

The Steam apparatus is so perfect for washing, drying and ironing linen at the Pearl street House, that the laundress will take a man's inmost garment," pass it through these three operations, and return it to him in perfect order while he is putting on his socks and washing his face.—Boston States.

Narrow Escape.—The Lowell Journal says, Michael David, of Chelmsford, last Sunday, took from his desk a pistol, and, without thought or examination, *supposing* it unloaded, raised and snapped it at a lady in the room.—The pistol *was loaded* with shot, and its contents struck and dashed the lady's comb from her head, and fright sent her headlong on the floor.

MARRIED.

In Alfred, by Rev. Henry Butler, Mr. Samuel Tripp, of of Berwick, to Miss Dorcas Clark, of Sanford,

In Saco, by Rev. Mr. Atwell, Mr. Abraham Dearborn, to Miss Sarah Chapman.

In Biddeford, by Rev. Mr. Atwell, Mr. Benaiah Goodwin, to Miss Martha Rice.

DIED.

In Jefferson, Mrs. Nancy Cary, wife of Mr. Robert Cary.

In Belfast, Elder Henry Warren, aged 69;—Mr. Jacob Cobbett, aged 69;—Mr. Samuel Patterson, aged 49.

In Wiscasset, Mr. Solomon Severy, aged 22.

NOTICE.

THE next Term of **Miss E. Hamlin's SCHOOL** will commence on MONDAY the 1st day of August.
Paris, July 11th, 1836. 3w48

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss:

TAKEN by Execution, the same having been attached on the original writ, and will be sold at Public Vendue, at the house of Sumner Stone, Innholder in Waterford, on Saturday the ninth day of August next, at three of the clock in the afternoon, all the right in equity of redemption which EZRA JEWELL has in and to a certain farm situated in the lower Village in said Waterford, and the same on which said Jewell now lives, with the buildings and water-privilege on the same. Further particulars as to the Mortgage and the terms of payment will be made known at the time and place of sale. SAMUEL PLUMMER, Dept. Shff.
Waterford, July 2d, 1836. 3 48

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss:

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Auction, on Monday the fifteenth day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Store of Paine & Richardson in Jay, all the right of redemption which SETH H. LEACH has in and to the farm on which Luke Leach now lives and occupies in said Jay, (being the easterly part of lot No. two, in the fourth range and the north-east part of lot No. one in said range,) containing fifty acres more or less, the same being under Mortgage to James Starr, the same having been attached on the original writ in this suit.
THOMAS WINSLOW, Dept. Shff.
Jay, July 5th, 1836. 3w 48

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

WE, the subscribers, having been appointed by the Hon. Stephen Emery Judge of the Court of Probate, &c. for the County of Oxford, commissioners to receive and examine the claims of creditors to estate of

JONATHAN GODING,

late of Livermore, yeoman, deceased, represented insolvent, do hereby give notice that six months from the date hereof are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we shall attend that service at the Office of R. Washburn in Livermore, the last Monday in October next, and the last Monday in December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon on each of said days.

ISRAEL WASHBURN, } Com'rs.
R. T. NORTON, }
Livermore, June 28, 1836. 3 48

Bethel Academy.

THE TRUSTEES of BETHEL ACADEMY are hereby notified to meet at the dwelling-house of JEDEDIAH BURBANK, Esq. on Bethel Hill, on WEDNESDAY the *third day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon*, for the purposes following, viz —

1. To adopt By-Laws for the government of the Institution.
2. To elect new Trustees, if thought necessary.
3. To take measures to put said institution into operation.
4. To transact any other business considered necessary.

WM. FRYE, Secretary.
Bethel, July 7, 1836. 48

NOTICE.

STRAYED from the Knight's pasture, (so called) S. Paris, 2 two years old Colts, one red one with a black mane and tail, the other black with a little white on one of his hoofs. Any person who will give information where said colts may be found or return them to the subscriber shall be suitably rewarded.

S. J. DURELL.
South-Paris, July 8, 1836. 3 48 *

WILSON'S
Spiral Vent Water Wheel,

FOR propelling Saw-Mills, Grist-Mills, Cotton and Woolen Manufactories, and all kinds of machinery to which Water Power is applicable.

The following are some of the advantages of this wheel over other wheels, viz.—

1st. Because the original expense, taking into the account the expense of keeping them in repair is comparatively small.

2d. Because a greater power is obtained with the same water, than can be with any other wheel,—something like two to one.

3d. Because the speed is such, in most cases, that gearing for the purpose of getting up speed is unnecessary.

4th. Because they work freely in back water, and are an invaluable improvement on flat steams, and low heads beyond any thing heretofore known.

The subscriber having purchased the exclusive right of constructing, using and vending to other, these wheels for the County of Oxford, now offers to the public this valuable improvement, with full confidence that he can give perfect satisfaction to any reasonable man. All infringements promptly resisted.

THOMAS CHASE.

Norway-Village, June, 1836.

Applications promptly attended to.

The Spiral Vent Water Wheel has been in use about 5 years, and is now extensively used in many parts of the United States. In Penobscot County, Me. these wheels stand unrivalled. That Mill owners in this County may know something of their value, I subjoin only the following certificates, from the great number in my possession, from highly respectable gentlemen, for whom I have put these wheels in operation whithin a few months last past.

Norway, June 29th. 1836.

The subscribers hereby certify that they have had in operation, in their Saw-Mill in this town for nearly one year, Wilson's Spiral Vent Water Wheel, that they have found it to succeed beyond their anticipation—with one third the water used for their water-wheel, which was of the kind in common use, their Mill will perform one third more business with Wilson's improved Wheel.

LEVI WHITMAN,
NATH'L BENNETT,
EB'R HOBBS.

The undersigned being acquainted and having in use and operation several of "Wilson's Spiral Vent Water-Wheels" for propelling Saw Mill Saws, Circular Saws, Engine lathes, Grist Mill Machinery, and Foundery Bellows, cheerfully certify to their use and utility, and their superiority over all other wheels with which we are acquainted On streams subject to back water, and where the head and fall is small, they claim a decided advantage. We believe that not more than one half the water is required in the use of this wheel to perform the same labor, that is required by the common wheel.

W. B. NORTON,
JAIRUS S. KEITH,
LUTHER CAMMON,
CALEB WOODWARD.

Oxford, June, 1836. tf 47

At a court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the twenty-eighth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-six.

DAVID KNAPP, Administrator of the estate of Nathan Knapp late of Rumford in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration on the estate of said deceased,

Ordered,

That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Rumford in said county, on the nineteenth day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.
Copy, Attest—*Joseph G. Cole*, Register.

HE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator with the will annexed on the estate of

DANIEL MERRILL,

late of Buckfield in the county of Oxford, deceased by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to. ICHABOD BONNEY, Jr.
Turner, June 28, 1836. * 47

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris within and for the County of Oxford on the twenty-eighth day of June in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty six.

BAND WHITE, Administrator of the estate of James White late of Dixfield in said county, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the estate of said deceased,

Ordered,

That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dixfield in said county, on the third Tuesday of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.
Copy, Attest—*Joseph G. Cole*, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-eighth day of June in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-six.

HIRAM HUBBARD, Executor of the last will and testament of Russell Hubbard, late of Paris in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, and also his own private account against said estate

Ordered,

That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the fourth Tuesday of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed,

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.
Copy, Attest—*Joseph G. Cole*, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-eighth day of June in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-six.

ANNORILLE S. STONE, Executrix of the last will and testament of John S. Stone, late of Jay, in said county, deceased, having presented her first account of administration of the estate of said deceased,

Ordered.

That the said Executrix give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the fourth Tuesday of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.
Copy, Attest—*Joseph G. Cole*, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the twenty eighth day of June in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-six.

ON the petition of Ichabod Bonney, jr. administrator or debonis non of the estate of Daniel Merrill, late of Buckfield in said county deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of one hundred & eighteen dollars & praying for a licence to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

Ordered,

That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County on the fourth Tuesday of August next, at ten o'clock A. M. and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

STEPHEN EMERY. Judge.
Copy, Attest—*Joseph. G. Cole*, Register.

Sheriff's Notice.

OXFORD, ss:

PURSUANT to warrants from Asa Redington Jr., Treasurer of the State of Maine, to me directed, requiring me to collect the Taxes assessed on the following Townships and tracts of unimproved lands situated in the County of Oxford, for the year 1835, in the respective sums as follows, viz.—

Township No. 1, Letter A	5,94
do No 5, 2d Range,	2,19
South half No 1, 4th Range,	2,42
One half No 5, 5th Range,	1,55
One fourth No 5, 5th Range,	81
One fourth No 1, 6th Range,	32
Letter C adjoining B	1,84
Letter B	5,78
Township No 2, 3d Range	2,94
do No 5, 3d Range	2,08
do E to J. Cummings,	1,86
do No 4, 3d Range,	1,84
do No 2 Letter A	5,99
do No 7,	2,09
Chandler's Gore,	1,13

I hereby give notice that unless said Taxes and all necessary intervening charges are previously paid to me the subscriber, so much of said townships and tracts of unimproved lands will be sold at Public Vendue at the Court House in Paris in said County, on Wednesday the 17th day of August next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, as will be necessary to pay the same respectively.

ALDEN BLOSSOM, } Sheriff of Oxford County.
Turner, June 23, 1836. ts 47

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post Office, at Paris, Me., July 1, 1836.

EDWARD ANDREWS, Willis Chase, Joseph W. Chase, Clerk of the Courts, Elias Cushman.—Simeon Frost, Andrew Fuller. William Lethbridge.—Joseph G. Pond, Perez. T. Record, Nathaniel T. Saunders, Marshall Stearns, Elijah Winslow, Henry Young.

JOSEPH G. COLE, Post Master.

NEW BOOKS, STATIONERY, MEDICINES, &c. &c.

JUST RECEIVED FROM BOSTON, AT THE

Oxford Book Store.

QUARTO, Octavo, and Pocket Bibles, in elegant Binding. Hymn Books. Miscellaneous, School, and toy books, in great variety, too numerous to particularize.

PAPER.—Letter, Writing, Fancy, wrapping &c. &c. a prime assortment, by the ream or quire.

BLANK BOOKS,—a good variety.

MEDICINES,— a general assortment Physicians can be supplied on favorable terms. All orders for any of the above faithfully attended to.

Also, Paper Hangings, Jewelry, and Fancy Goods.

—LIKEWISE—

BRACKETT'S PATENT UNIVERSAL PANACEA, for the cure of Ring-worms, Cancers, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Humors, or any eruptions of the skin. A good article. W. E GOODNOW.
Norway-Village, July 4, 1836. 6w1s47

JOSEPH D. SHACKLEY,
TAILOR,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and customers that he continues to carry on the TAILORING Business at his "OLD STAND" in Norway-Village.—He feels grateful for past patronage and solicits a continuance

All business in his line attended to with promptness, and work done in a workmanlike and fashionable style.

Cutting done on reasonable terms and at short notice.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, EIGHT or TEN GIRLS as Apprentices.

Norway-Village, May 30, 1836 42

NOTICE.

DOCT. J. M. BUCK would inform the inhabitants of Paris and vicinity, that he has so far recovered his health that he will be happy to wait on those who may favor him with a call.

Paris, May 16.

NOTICE,

THE subscriber having hired the CARDING MACHINES at South Paris, formerly owned by Col. H. R. Parsons, and put them in complete order for carding wool, would respectfully invite the citizens of Paris and vicinity to favor him with a share of their custom.

ZEBEDEE PERRY.
South Paris, May 11th, 1836. * 7 40

SEMINOLES AND MAROONS.—The war in which the Seminoles have baffled our most renowned Generals resembles the warfare waged for half a century between the Maroons in Jamaica and the British army and government.

When the Spaniards in 1654 surrendered Jamaica, they possessed 1500 African slaves.—These slaves retreated to the mountains, and thence by frequent excursions harrassed the British settlements. They were called Maroons, and were augmented by natural increase and reinforced by fugative slaves. The British passed forty-four laws, and spent $1,000,000 for their suppression. In 1736 they became so formidable under Cudjoe, a leader as able and sagacious as Oseola, that two regiments of regular troops were employed, with other hired parties, and the whole body of militia to reduce the Maroons. Every barracks was furnished with a pack of dogs by the churchwardens of the parish, to guard against surprise and to trace the lurking foe. This ruinous and harrassing contest was followed by a pacification in 1738. But in 1795 the Maroons again appeared in arms and threw the colony into consternation. Their head quarters were established in a valley or dell, surrounded by steep precipices and broken rocks, and by mountains of prodigious height, in caverns of which they secreted their women and children and deposited their ammunition. From this retreat, almost inaccessible to all but themselves, they sent out small parties of their most daring and enterprising warriors to prawl about the country in search of provisions, and others to set fire by night to unguarded houses and plantations. The whites, who fell into their hands, were murdered in cold blood, without distinction of age or sex. The British Generals Walpole and Earl of Balcarras and their troops were worn down by fatigues and hardships, from the nature of the climate and country. The valley could be approached only by one path down a steep rock, 150 feet in almost perpendicular descent. The Maroons, habituated to use their naked feet in climbing trees and rocky precipices, had acquired a dexterous agility, which to the British troops was astonishing and utterly inimitable. The caverns of the Maroons, however, were utterly destitute of springs of water, and the rains furnished only scanty and temporary supplies. When these were exhausted, they for a time slacked their burning thirst on the wild pine, which renders the rocky and sterile deserts on the torrid zone in some measure habitable. But even this resourse failed, and their sufferings for want of food and water were excessive. In December, 1795, forty chasseurs from Havana, with about a hundred *spanish dogs*, arrived at Montego Bay. Such extraordinary accounts were immediately circulated of the terrific appearance and savage nature of these ferocious dogs, that the manhood and courage of the negroes was shaken, and they sued for peace, and surrendered.—*Salem Gaz.*

"The Bigger fool the better luck."

I have seen persons merely by noise and fluency, lead the conversation in companies where there was taste, talent and learning though they possessed neither of the three.

I have known lawyers to gain their causes, by impudence and vociferation, when neither themselves nor the jury knew precisely their drift.

I have frequently seen men take their seats in the legislature, because they begged suffrages, and gave away whiskey while those who disdained to stoop to such measures, were left at home.

I have seen a brainless fop marry a fine girl, and break her heart before the end of the first year though her hand had been solicited in vain by the wealthy the wise, and the honorable.

I have seen stupid creatures, who scarcely knew the top of a tobacco hill from the bottom, plod on and get rich while men of real intellect and industry, have pined in poverty.

Did you never see a part or all of these things? If you did not I congratulate you on your prospects of good luck; for you possess the qualities to which it is promised by the adage.

View of the Field of Waterloo after the Battle.—"The only alloy to the universal rapture which prevailed, was the number of the wounded.—The houses were insufficient to contain half;—and the churches and public buildings were littered down with straw for their reception.—The body of the Duke of Brunswick was brought to the quarters he had lately occupied. I was powerfully affected when I saw the corpse of one, so lately blooming with youth and health; but my eyes soon became accustomed to horrors.

On Monday morning, June 19th, I hastened to the field of battle; I was compelled to go through the forest, for the road was so completely choaked up as to be impassable.

The dead required no help; but thousands of wounded who could not help themselves, were in want of every thing; features swollen by the sun and rain, looked lived and bloated. One poor fellow had a ghastly wound across his lower lip, which gaped wide, and showed his teeth and gums as though a second and unnatural mouth had opened below his first. Another, quite blind from a gash across his eyes sat upright, gasping for breath, and murmuring 'De l'eau!' The anxiety for water was indeed most distressing. The Germans, 'Waser, wnser!' and the French, 'De l'eau, de l'eau!' still seem sounding in my ears; I am convinced that hundreds must have perished from thirst alone,—and they had no hope of assistance, for even humane persons were afraid of approaching the scene of blood, lest they should be taken in requisition to bury the dead; almost every person who came near, being pressed into that disgusting and painful service.

The general burying was truly horrible; large square holes were dug about six feet deep, and thirty or forty fine young fellows, stripped to the skin, were thrown into each pell mell, and then covered over in so slovenly a manner, that sometimes a hand or a foot peeped through the earth.

One of these holes was preparing as I passed, and the followers of the army were stripping the bodies before throwing them into it, while some Russian Jews were assisting in the spoilation of the dead by chiselling out their teeth! an operation which they performed with the most brutal indifference. Hundreds of fine horses were galloping over the plain, kicking and plunging, apparantly mad with pain, while the poor wretches who saw them coming and could not get out of their way, shrieked in agony, and tried to shriek or escape from them in vain.

Soon after I saw an immense horse, (one of the Scotch Grays) dash towards a Colonel of the Imperial Guards, who had his leg shattered;—the horse was frightfully wounded, and a part of a broken lance still rankled in one of its wounds. It rushed, snorting & plunging past the Frenchman, and I shall never forget his piercing cry, as it approached. I fled instantly to the spot, but ere I reached it the man was dead; for though I do not think the horse had touched him, the terror he felt had been too much for his exhausted frame.

Sickened with the immense heaps of slain which spread in all directions, as far as the eye could reach, I was preparing to return, when, as I was striding over the dead and dying, and meditating on the *horrors of war*, my attention was attracted by a young man, who was lying on his back, apparently at the last gasp. Some open letters were lying around, and one was yet grasped in his hand as though he had been reading it to the last moment. My eye fell upon the words, 'My dear son,' in a female hand.

Reader, how many such ties, think you, were torn asunder on that field of blood!—Husbands, fathers, sons—but I forbear!"

Rats and Boa Constrictor. Many of the inhabitants at Para are said to keep boa-snakes in their houses for the purpose of destroying the rats. In the warehouse belonging to Mr. Smith, the American Consul, we saw a very large one, which was between fifteen and eighteen feet long: he said it was perfectly tame, and that he never supplied it with any food, and as it never did any mischief he supposed it caught a sufficient quantity of rats for its support. When we saw it, it was partly coiled round a cross-beam fixed to two uprights, which had been placed here for its use. It had lately cast its slough, and the brilliancy of its colors was inconceivably vivid.

Consumption!

DR. RELFE'S ASTHAMATIC PILLS,

HAVE, from their extraordinary success in giving instant relief, and in curing Colds, Coughs, Asthmas, Difficulty of Breathing, Wheezing, Tightness of the Chest, Pain the Side, Spitting of Blood, Chilliness and Shiverings that precede Fevers and Lung Complaints generally, become one of the most popular medicines known, and are sought after from every part of the country, on account of the astonishing success which has attended their administration in the above complaints, frequently giving the most unexpected relief, after every other remedy had failed, and persons had given themselves up in dispair of a cure.

They have been known to cure persons supposed to be far gone in consumption, and exhibiting all the appearance of approaching dissolution.

And such have been the salutary effects of these Pills, even in hopeless cases, as so far to mitigate the sufferings of the patient, as evidently to prolong life for days and weeks, and, give to it, a positive comfort they never expected to enjoy.

The operation of the pills is wonderful in easing respiration, quieting the cough, and procuring comfort.

Common colds are frequently removed in a few hours.

**"Although, (says a person, speaking of these pills,) my wife has tried various medicines of the first celebrity, for an Asthmatic difficulty, (or affection of the lungs,) which at times was exceedingly distressing, confining her to her house for days and weeks together, she finds that nothing gives her relief which Relfe's Asthmatic Pills do!—easing her respiration, quieting her cough, and giving her comfortable rest." And this is the testimony of hundreds or thousands. The relief which aged people, as well as others, experience from the use of these Pills, is astonishing, and renders them invaluable to many, and are in fact to some, an essential auxiliary to their comfort, and almost to their existence!

A Physician informs the Proprietor, that a gentleman in the country observed to him, he had reason to believe the use of these Pills had been the means of saving his life.

Price, whole boxes, 80 Pills, $1; half do. 12 Pills, 50 cts.

DUMFRIES' EYE-WATER!

FOR sore or inflamed Eyes—nothing known gives such immediate and comfortable relief. On recent sore eyes, the effect is most salutary. Where the complaint has been of long standing, the most unexpected and desirable relief has been found in the use of this Eye-Water, after every other remedy has failed. Persons who have used it, pronounce it without hesitation the best preparation for these complaints they have ever met with. Price 25 cents a bottle.

**None genuine, unless signed on the outside printed wrapper by the sole Proprietor, T. KIDDER, successor to the late Dr. Conway. For sale with the other "Conway Medicines," at his Counting Room, No. 99, next door to J. Kidder's Drug Store, corner of Court and Hanover streets, near Concert Hall, Boston;—and by his special appointment, by S. CROCKETT & Co., Paris-Hill, SMITH & BENNETT, & W. E. GOODNOW, Norway-Village, who have also for sale all the justly celebrated medicines prepared by him. e5ply

Large discounts to those who buy to sell again. [No 2]10

FISK & HINKLEY'S

Brick Machines

FOR SALE by the subscriber at Hallowell, and warranted to answer well the purpose for which they are intended. For sale also by the following Agents:

Francis F. Haines, Livermore—Capt. Daniel Hobbs, Falmouth—John Miller, Esq. Warren—Kidder & Tarbell, Cambridgeport—Joel Burlingame, Detroit, M. T.

JOB KASKELL,

Hallowell, Jan. 1, 1836. eptf23

NOTICE.

CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber about the 20th inst. a small sized red two years old STEER, with a white tail. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take him away.

JONATHAN CLARK.

Paris, June 23, 1836. 3w

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber either by Note or Account, are request to settle and pay the same immediately.—If they prefer settling with him they had better call soon, as his demands may be left with an Attorney for collection.

TIMOTHY FORD.

Portland, April 5, 1836. tf 34

THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NEWS,

AND

LITERARY GAZETTE:

A WEEKLY FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

Devoted to Literature, Criticism, the Fine Arts, General Intelligence, News, &c

Price $2,00 per annum—payable in Advance.

THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NEWS embraces every variety of light literature, including Tales, Poetry, Essays, Criticism, Notices of the Fine Arts, the Drama, &c. The original matter is supplied by writers of the first eminence. A regular correspondence is maintained with Washington, and the principal cities of the Union, and arrangements are in progress by which letters from Europe will be constantly furnished.

Attention is paid to securing at the earliest possible date the choicest productions of the English periodical press. Popular novels are occasionally given, though not suffered to interfere with a general variety. The latest news, and all items of interesting intelligence will invariably form part of the contents.

The *News* is printed on a folio sheet of the largest class, and furnishes as large an amount of reading matter as any weekly paper now published in this country. Attention is more particularly paid to the quality than the quantity of articles furnished, and the publishers pledge themselves that it has no connection with any Daily, Weekly, or Monthly. The matter is written and set up exclusively for the paper, and is not again used in any other form.

The *News* is conducted in a spirit of the most fearless independence. All allusion to party politics, or sectarian religion will be avoided.

LOUIS A. GODEY,
JOSEPH C. NEAL,
MORTON McMICHAEL.

Agents of this paper will be allowed the usual commission. Six copies furnished for ten dollars.

All payments to be made in advance.

Orders, free of postage, must be addressed to

L. A. GODEY, & CO.
No. 100 Walnut St. Philadelphia.

The following notices from our leading Daily papers are added as testimonials of the ability of the gentlemen engaged in publishing *The News:*

"We see that Mr. Godey is about to issue a Newspaper to be called 'The Saturday News,' in which he will be aided by Alderman McMichael and Mr. Joseph C. Neal, two good men and true, with genius and judgment, power to draw tears or create smiles.—Well, success attend the young folks."—Phila. U. S. Gaz.

"*Clever Trio*—Our enterprising and talented young townsmen seem determined that the public shall not suffer for want of Newspapers. Not less than half a dozen have been commenced within the last month or two, among them 'The Saturday News,' a weekly paper on the plan of the Saturday Courier, and to be under the editorial supervision of Messrs. Godey, McMichael, and Neal, three gentlemen well and favorably known to the Philadelphia Public. The success of a literary enterprise with such aids and abettors cannot be doubted. We cordially wish them success."—Phila. Enq. and Cour.

"The Saturday News, is the title of a new weekly paper, the prospectus of which is now in circulation. It will be conducted by Morton McMichael, Jos. C. Neal, and Louis A. Godey, Esqs. A better trio for a weekly journal cannot be found in the Union. Mr. McMichael is a writer of vigorous and versatile talent, and Mr. Neal is our *beau ideal* of an Editor. We doubt if there exists his equal in a peculiar 'Walk' of writing among all the Journalists of the land. We sit down to his columns as we would to a dinner, being certain of both nurture and refreshment, the course and the desert. Mr. Godey is himself a spirited Scribe and has a felicitious knack in what he writes of hitting the taste of the Times. To use a novel phrase we wish them all success."—Phila. Gaz.

"The Saturday News, is the title of a new paper to be published by Messrs. Louis A. Godey, Morton McMichael, and Jos. C. Neal, all of whom are experienced in the matter of periodical literature, and are familiar with the gray goose quill.—Mr. Godey is well and favorably known as the enterprising publisher of the Lady's Book, one of the best Magazines issued in this country, and is likewise a writer of much ability. His aid will be of essential service to the new enterprise. Mr. McMichael has long been connected with the Philadelphia Press, and has few superiors in the management of a periodical. His style is easy and vigorous and he possesses an invaluable tact at seizing upon the most popular topics, and treating them in a manner which enhances their interest. Of the 3d individual of this trio we shall not speak. His merits, if he had any, and his demerits are so well known to the readers of this paper, as to render any thing we could say unnecessary."—Penn.

The following is from the Phila. Sat. Courier, and alludes to Mr. Neal, who was formerly editor of the Gentleman's Vade Mecum.

"The portrait of Peter Brush, which is going the grand tour of newspaper travel, is a capital portrait of a lazy, idle, noisy, grog shop politician, that could hardly have been better painted by Hogarth himself, is wrongly credited to the Cincinnati Farmer. It is one of the good things of the Vade Mecum, and was written for that paper by one of the most amusing and perfect delineators of humorous Originals in this country. Indeed, we have for several years been of opinion that the gentleman in his particular line has not his superior on either side of the Atlantic."

Our editorial friends in the country will oblige us by inserting the above, and accepting a free exchange.

The Lady's Book,

OR

Philadelphia Monthly Magazine.

Several Ladies of the highest standing in the Country, have complied with the terms offered by the Publisher, and their contributions will appear in succeeding Numbers, commencing with

Vol. 14,

THIS popular periodical has now completed the sixth year and twelfth volume of publication, and still continues, as at first, the most popular work of its class.

The publisher is grateful for the patronage extended to him, and will endeavor by unremitted exertions, to merit it. The Lady's Book was the first publication that attempted to give correct coloured representations of the Philadelphia Fashions. The work as stated above, has now been published for six years, and the proprietor asks a careful examination of it from the many that have been subscribers from the commencement; and then can fair judgement, whether it has been constantly improving, from volume to volume. He may with safety say, that the engravings, which adorn each number, are such as would be creditable to the same class of periodicals in England. The Fashions are superior to all but those in the Court Magazine, and equal to them. If the subscription shall continue increasing, greater exertions will be made. The promises made in the commencement of the year have by far been exceeded—and this is a fact that few periodicals can boast of—the promises made in advertisements, in general, far exceeding the performance.

MANNER OF EMBELLISHISHING.

January, March, May, July, September, November. } Colored Engravings of Philadelphia Fashions. } February, April, June, August, October, December, } Steel Engravings of different subjects.

Each number also contains either two Heads from the Portrait Gallery—Embroidery—Fine Needle—Music—forty-eight pages of reading, and other matter, so varied as to require more space than can be spared to mention them.

The price is $3 per annum, or two copies for $5—in all cases payable in advance.

Orders (post paid) to be addressed to

L. A. GODEY, Publisher, Phil delphia.

A NEW PERIODICAL,

Littell's Saturday Magazine

IS published every week, in a handsome Number of 24 large pages. It contains the choicest *light* matter of the British Periodicals, and will make two large volumes a year. Price Three Dollars in advance.

This work can only be afforded at so low a price, from its connexion with the *Museum of Foreign Literature*, which will contain the whole of the Saturday Magazine, besides the more important matter of the Reviews.

The Saturday Magazine will comprise such a variety of interesting tales, poetry, and miscellaneous reading, *equal to six octavo volumes*, as to make it deserving the favor of both the young and the old.

Contents of the Fist Number

1. The Conscript, a tale of the French Army.
2. Four Songs, by L. E. L.
3. A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed, a tale, by Miss Landon.
4. The Young Pretender, a tale, by Miss Crawford.
5. Snarleyyow; or, the Dog Fiend, by Capt. Marryat.
6. The Charity Sister, a tale, by Mrs. Norton.

Subscriptions are solicited by E. LITTELL,
No. 11 Bank street, back of 71 Chesnut street.

JOB WORK,

NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS

OFFICE.

26,000 SUBSCRIBERS!!!

PHILADELPHIA MIRROR.

THE splendid patronage awarded to the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, induces the editors to commence the publication, under the above title, of a quarto edition of their popular journal, so long known as the largest Family Newspaper in the United States, with a list of near TWENTY-SIX THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS. The new feature recently introduced of furnishing their readers with new books of the best literature of the day, having proved so eminently successful, the plan will be continued. Six volumes of the celebrated writings of Capt. Marryatt, and sixty-five of Mr. Brooks valuable Letters from Europe, have already been published, without interfering with its news and miscellaneous reading. The Courier is the largest and cheapest family newspaper ever issued in this country, containing articles in Literature, Science, and Arts; Internal Improvement; Agriculture; in short every variety of topics usually introduced into a public journal. Giving full accounts of sales, markets, and news of the latest dates.

It is published at the low price of $2. For this small sum subscribers get valuable and entertaining matter each week enough to fill a common book of 200 pages, and equal to 52 volumes a year, and which is estimated to be read, weekly, by at least two hundred thousand people, scattered in all parts of the country, from Maine to Florida, and from the sea board to the lakes. The paper has now been so long established as to render it too well known to well known to require an extended prospectus, the publishers, therefore, will do no more than refer to the two leading daily political papers of opposite politics.—The Pennsylvanian says—"The Saturday Courier is the largest and one of the best family newspapers in the Union;" the other, the Inquirer and Daily Courier says, "it is the largest journal published in Philadelphia, and one of the very best in the United States." The New York Star says—"we know of nothing more liberal on the part of the editors, and no means more efficacious to draw out the dormant talents of our country, than their unexampled liberality in offering literary prizes."

The Albany Mercury of March 16th, 1836, says, "the Saturday Courier is decidedly the best Family Newspaper ever published in this or any other country, and its value is duly appreciated by the public, if we may judge from its vast circulation, which exceeds 25,000 per week! Its contents are exceedingly varied, and each number contains more really valuable 'reading matter' than is published in a week in any daily paper in the Union. Its mammoth dimensions enables its enterprising proprietors, Messrs. Woodward & Clarke, of Philadelphia, to republish in its columns, in the course of a year, several of the most interesting new works that issue from the British press; which cannot fail to give to it a permanent interest, and render it worthy of preservation. To meet the wishes, therefore, of such of their subscribers as desire to have their numbers bound, they have determined on issuing an edition of the Courier in the quarto form, which will render it much more convenient for reading when it is bound in a volume, and thus greatly enhance its value."

THE QUARTO EDITION.

Under the title of the Philadelphia Mirror, will commence with the publication of the Prize Tale, to which was awarded the prize of $100, written by Miss Leslie, editor of the splendid Annual the Token, and author of Pencil Sketches and other valuable contributions to American Literature. A large number of songs, poems, tales, &c. offered in competition for the $500 premiums, will add value and interest to the succeeding numbers, which will also be enriched by a story from Miss Sedgewick, author of Hope Leslie, The Linwoods, &c. whose talents have been so justly and extensively appreciated, both at home and abroad.

This approved FAMILY NEWSPAPER is strictly neutral in religious and political matters, and uncompromising opponent of quackery of every kind.

MAPS.

In addition to all of which the publishers intend furnishing their patrons with a series of engraved Maps, embracing the twenty-five States of the Union, &c. exhibiting the situation &c. of rivers, towns, mountains, lakes, the sea board, internal improvements, as displayed in canals, rail roads, &c. forming a complete Atlas for general use and information, handsomely executed, and each district map on a large quarto sheet, at an expense which nothing but the splendid patronage which for six years past has been so generously extended to them, could warrant.

TERMS:

The Philadelphia Saturday Courier is still continued in its large form, at the same price as heretofore. The Philadelphia Mirror, being a quarto edition of the Saturday Courier, with its increased attractions, and printed on the best fine white paper of the same size as the New York Albion, will be put at precisely one half the price of that valuable journal, viz: Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance, (including the Maps.)

WOODWARD & CLARKE,
Philadelphia.

**The paper will be sent in exchange to such newspapers as may oblige us by publishing our advertisement. 42

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

Maine Monthly Magazine,

COMPRISING

The Portland Magazine and The Eastern Magazine.

ON the first day of July next, will be issued the first number of THE MAINE MONTHLY MAGAZINE Edited by CHARLES GILMAN.

In order to form a Magazine worthy of support, and creditable to a State, which, in other points of view, is attaining an important rank in the Confederacy, the Proprietors of '*The Portland Magazine*,' and '*The Eastern Magazine*,' have deemed it expedient to unite these two periodicals under the above general title, and to publish the united work simultaneously at Portland and Bangor. The contributors to the pages of these Magazines comprise some of the best writers in the Union, who, it is confidently expected, will continue their efforts. Arrangements have also been made to add others to the list, whose names are favorably known in the republic of letters. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, having relinquished the editorial department to Charles Gilman, Esq. who has for five months past conducted '*The Eastern Magazine*,' will travel the present season, and will continue her labors as contributor to the '*Maine Monthly*.' The Editor will endeavor, with the assistance which he expects to receive, to render the Magazine in every way worthy of a liberal support, and if he should fail of so doing, he trusts that it shall not be for want of exertion on his part. To the people of New England, therefore, generally, and to Maine and the two cities in which the Magazine is to be published in particular, the Publishers look for support, and hope that every effort to please will meet with a corresponding reward.

THE MAINE MONTHLY MAGAZINE will be published simultaneously, on the first of each month, in Portland and Bangor, at Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance, or on delivery of the third number. Agents will receive a fair discount from the subscription price.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor or to the care of either of the Publishers as may be most convenient. Letters on business connected with the work to be addressed to either of the Publishers. In all cases, the postage must be paid.

EDWARD STEPHENS, *Portland,* } PUBLISHERS.
DUREN & THATCHER, *Bangor,* }
May, 1836. 41

CAREY'S LIBRARY

OF

CHOICE LITERATURE

Has now completed its first Six Months of publication, and the publishers offer the following works in testimony of the fulfilment of the promises made to the public in the original prospectus.

Life of Sir James Mackintosh, by his Son.
Kincaid's Rifle Brigade.
Characteristics of Hindostan, by Miss Roberts.
One in a Thousand, by G. P. R James.
Rienzi, by E. L. Bulwer.
Random Recollections of the House of Commons.

The Second Volume has commenced with Selections from *The Dramas of Joanna Baillie*, and *Confessions & Crimes, or Posthumous Records of a London Clergyman*, —a work resembling in style, and supposed to be by the same author, as the celebrated Tales from the Diary of a Physician.

The first volume can be had separate, without subscribing to the work, upon the remittance of $2 50 to the publishers.

The Library is published weekly, containing Twenty imperial octavo pages, and the Literary Advertiser, which accompanies it, four pages, and is bound up at the end of every volume. Price per annum, in advance, $5.

Address, E. L. CAREY & A. HART,
Or LOUIS A. GODEY,
PHILADELPHIA.

CLUBBING.

A remittance of Five Dollars will command the first volume of the Library and the Marryatt Novels, complete in 8 numbers, containing Peter Simple—Jacob Faithful—Pirate and Three Cutters—King's Own—Newton Forster—Pacha of Many Tales—and Japhet in Search of his Father—or

First Volume of Library and Lady's Book

NEW GOODS.

HUBBARD & HOWE,

[Norway-Village,]

HAVE just received from BOSTON, a PRIME assortment of NEW GOODS, which will be sold at very low prices, among which are the following, viz:—

Broadcloths,

Blue, Black, Mulberry, Claret, Brown, Green, Dahlia and Adilaid.

CASSIMERES,

Super Black, Lavender, Blue, Stone, Drab, and Light.

SILKS,

Blue, Black, and Blue-black, Gro de Swiss, col'd poult de Soie do., Gro de Nap do., Synshaw, light, fig'd, plain, ribbed, and changeable.

FLORENCES,

Striped, plaid, &c.—Pongee, Silk sirge, &c.—Ladies and Gents. Hose—Coloured and white GLOVES, Kid, beaver, and deerskin do.

GINGHAMS,

Striped, plaid, plain, and check.—Silk and cotton Cravats, and pocket H'd'k'fs—Table cloths, crash, diappers, cambric, muslin, linnen cambric, linen, sheeting, and shirting, bleached and unbleached.

CALICOES,

50 pieces English, French, and American, of various figures, colours, qualities, and prices.

LACES,

Bobinett, Grecian, Lace Footing, Edging, &c.

VESTINGS,

Black satin, blue-black, black, changeable, claret, and brown silk Velvet.

India rubber Suspenders, ticking, batting, wicking, warp yarn, cotton thread, sewing silk, pins, needles, &c. &c. &c. &c.

—ALSO—

Ladies' and Misses' Prunella and Kid SLIPS.

—LIKEWISE—

Gents. Silk and Fur HATS—W. I. Goods—Crockery, Glass, and Hard Ware.

JOINER'S TOOLS of every description, with a great variety of other articles usually kept in a country Store, which they offer to the public for inspection, respectfully soliciting a share of patronage; and will sell as low for cash, or in exchange for lumber or produce, as can be purchased elsewhere. "No MISTAKE."

☞Purchasers who are desirous of a Good Bargain are most respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves.

May 17th, 1836. is tf 40

HUTCHINS'

NEW

COMPOUND RENOVATOR, OR

CHEMICAL SOAP,

FOR cleansing Coat Collars, Wearing Apparel of all kinds from spots, occasioned by Oils, Tar, Varnish, Wheel or Gudgeon Grease and Paints; and removing spots from Furniture.

Likewise, it is an excellent remedy for bruises, sprains, cutaneous eruptions upon the face, chilblains, and sore or chapped hands. For places cleaned by the harness or saddle upon horses it is also a superior composition.

From the successful & satisfactory experiments which have been made of this preparation, it can with the utmost safety be recommended to the public as far exceeding any other of the kind, for removing spots of grease, paint, &c. however long they may have been on, and for brightening and refreshing the colors without destroying the fibre or injuring the texture of the cloth.

For Sale at the Oxford Bookstore, by

W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway-Village, March 1, 1836. 3m—tfeop29

☞NOTICE.☜

THE Subscriber would inform the public that he has taken the Store in South Paris lately occupied by Mr. CYRUS THAYER, where he intends to keep as general an assortment of Goods as is usually kept in a country Store and would most respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

JOSEPH CUMMINGS, J.

South Paris Jan. 23 1836

Wrapping and Writing Paper, CHEAP,

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore.

—ALSO—

ROSS' ARCTIC VOYAGE. Narrative of the recent voyage of Captain Ross to the Arctic Regions.—in the years 1829-30-31-32-33, and a notice of Captain Back's Expedition; with a Preliminary sketch of Polar Discoveries, from the Earliest Period to the year 1829. First American edition

BLAKE'S ASTRONOMY
Mrs Lincoln's Botany.
Town Officer
Young Reader
Peter Parley's First Book of History.
do Second do do.
do Geography.
Colburn's First Lesson in Arithmetic.
PAINTS and DRAWING PAPER.
Toy Books.
Justice Execution Blanks.

Norway, Jan. 4, 1836] W. E GOODNOW.

TO MILL OWNERS.

THE public are hereby notified that N. G. NORRIS continues to manufacture the improved portable

Shaft Machines,

at Sandwich, N. H; at which place persons wishing to purchase can be accommodated on reasonable terms at the shortest notice. 18ro

Sandwich, October, 1835. tf10

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss:

TAKEN on Execution, and was previously attached on the original writ, and will be sold at Public Vendue to the highest bidder on *SATURDAY the thirtieth day of July next*, at one o'clock P. M. at the dwelling house of DAVID S. SWETT in Madrid in said County of Oxford, all the right, title, and interest that ELIAS ODELL has by virtue of possession and improvement to the farm with the buildings thereon in No Two, second Range in said County of Oxford, it being the same on which said Odell formerly lived, if said Execution is not otherwise satisfied.

CALEB SPRAGUE, Dept. Shff.

June 27th, 1836 3 47

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss:

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Auction on Saturday the twenty-third day of July next, at one o'clock in the afternoon at the Store of Jefferson Coolidge in Livermore, all the right of redemption which LUKE GODING has in and to the farm on which he now lives in said Livermore, the same being under mortgage to Stephen Phillink, also to Dexter Walker. LEE STRICKLAND, Dept. Sh'ff.

Livermore, June 20, 1836.

More New Books.

JUST received and for Sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE,

Mrs. Hemans' Poems.—Mrs. Sigourney's Poems.—Rosamond.—Young Wife's Book—Young Lady's Sunday Book—Letters of Adam Clarke—Letters of a London Clergyman—Sabbath School Teacher—Tree & its Fruits—Peep of Day—Down the Hill—Bay & Birds—Parley's Ornithology—Village Boys—Parley's History U. S. for children—The House I live in—Pastor's Sketch Book—Spring's Hints—The Pillow—Two Apprentices—Redeemer's Tears—Card Cases—Visiting Cards—Paper, &c &c. Also, a new lot of Spectacles, Silver Thimbles, Gold Jewelry, &c.

W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway-Village, May 9, 1836 tf 39